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WHY?

BY MARY LOWE.

Not because my pained hand has gathered
Strength to take the idle weapons up;
Not because my lips have found a sweetness
Mingled with the bitter of my cup;
Not because the way in which I faltered
Has grown smoother, or my burden less;
Or because I see, through Fate's dark
masking,
That my smiters have been sent to blessing;
Not because I find, 'neath smouldering
ashes,
Fires of hope and faith once more alight;
Or because my waiting has been resting,
Do I rise and gird me for the fight.
Gird me, though from wounds still sore and
bleeding;
Stand erect, though weak, athirst and
faint,
And press on, with lifted eyes, unheeding
If my road be cheered by way-side saint.
'Tis enough, that, lying in the shadows,
Far away from saintly shrine or cross,
I have heard a voice of human music—
Seen a smile that shamed defeat and loss—
Caught a flash from an illumined spirit,
Throwing out, where life's high billows
roll,
Light-house gleams of peace, which they
inherit
Who are strong in an unvanquished soul;
And, because I see that sweet light falling
Over wilder seas than I have tried,
Warning other barks in times appalling,
Glowing on, to save, to cheer, to guide;
And because I saw it when I drifted,
Wrecked and broken, on the shifting
sands,
Have I lighted my small lamp, and lifted
Up my life once more in trembling hands;
And because one gleam of my small taper
May o'ershine some hard or shadowed
way,
Do I clasp my weapons, take my burdens,
And press forward to the eternal day.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. JOHN
BRODHEAD.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D. D.

While sojourning at the Water Gap
on the Delaware, last Summer, seeking
to recover the vigor lost by a serious
illness, I learned one day that mine
hosts of the "Water Gap House" were
two brothers, named Brodhead. The
familiar name revived my recollections
of two or three red letter days which
I spent in New Market, N. H., in the
early part of the Summer of 1835. I
was then on my way to Europe, and
had traveled from Haverhill, N. H., in
company with that bold champion of
anti-slavery principles, the Rev. Daniel
I. Robinson, who was en route for the
seat of his Conference at Portsmouth.
Arriving at New Market on Friday
P. M., we were hospitably invited to
spend the ensuing Sabbath there.
It was there that I met the venerable
Father Brodhead. His portly figure,
his dignified aspect, his genial manner,
his patient spirit, and his pleasant
words made an indelible impression on
my heart and memory. On the Sab-
bath the dear old gentleman invited
me to ride with him to a Congrega-
tional church, a few miles distant, and
preach for him in the afternoon. I
went with trepidation. Never shall I
forget the heartiness with which he
said to me, as we rode back to the vil-
lage in his chaise,—
"Don't go to England. Stay here.
Join the Conference, and be one of my
boys."
The temptation was a strong one.
But I was expected on the other side of
the Atlantic, and while declining his
loving invitation, carried away his
image on my heart.
When, therefore, I found myself
under the roof of a pair of brothers
bearing his revered name, I could not
avoid calling up this old memory, and
saying to the younger of the two,
one day,—
"May I take the liberty of asking if
you are connected with the family of
the late Rev. John Brodhead, of New
Hampshire?"
To my surprise and gratification he
replied, "he was my uncle."
Further inquiries brought out the

fact that my old friend was born in the
neighborhood of the "Gap." At the
time of his conversion he was consid-
ered a somewhat fast young man by
the staid farmers of Ananias—now
Brodhead's Creek. But one day he
went to a schoolhouse to hear an itiner-
ant preacher, named Lee (whether it
was the famous Jesse, or some other
Lee, I could not learn) preach a funeral
sermon. He was powerfully awakened,
and began seeking for heavenly peace
with all the earnestness of his great
nature. While he was yet a penitent
his friends noticed that he disappeared
several times a day on some unknown
errand. Curious to ascertain whither
he went, some one followed him, one
day, along a path worn hard by the tread
of his feet, to a grand old tree. There,
beneath its wide-spreading branches, he
was seen pouring out his young soul to
God; and there, it is believed, he re-
ceived his first baptism of forgiving
love. That tree was standing until
quite recently. Had it remained, I
should certainly have visited it as a
sacred spot.

Another incident preserved among
the traditions of the family, is, that
after our young convert had entered
the ministry, riding through the woods
to an appointment, he was assailed by
a footpad. The villain, rushing from
his hiding place, seized young Brod-
head's bridle, and demanded his money.
He soon found, however, that he had
mistaken his man. The young itiner-
ant evidently believed in muscular
Christianity; for, instead of his purse
he gave his assailant a blow with the
big end of his heavy riding whip, which
stretched him on the ground.

The subdued footpad now begged for
mercy. The brave itinerant's heart
could not resist the plea of a fallen foe.
He dismounted and found that the man's
arm was broken. Filled with pity,
young Brodhead put the scoundrel be-
fore him on his horse, and carried him
to the next village, exhorting him,
while on the way, to consider his ways
and repent. Finding him disposed to
promise amendment, he handed him
over to the care of a physician instead
of a constable—an act as creditable to
his heart as his hasty blow with the
whip was to his courage.

But courage must be regarded as an
heirloom in the Brodhead family. Its
ancestors were distinguished for it,
from Daniel, its founder in America,
down to its last departed fathers. This
Daniel was a captain of Grenadiers, and
came to this country in 1664, under Col.
R. Nichols, who commanded the force
which wrested New York from the
hands of the Dutch. After assisting in
that bloodless strife, he settled in
Ulster County, New York.

A grandson of this gentleman, who
inherited both his name and courage,
settled in 1737 on 640 acres of the beau-
tiful lands round Ananias Creek,
now East Stroudsburg, Penn. He
showed his intrepidity by bold resist-
ance to Indian menaces, and his piety
by giving countenance and assistance
to the Moravians in their efforts for
the evangelization of the Indians and
the salvation of the whites.

His sons, too, were men of high
mettle. In 1755 the Indians, led by
Tedyuskung, their chief, marauded
the country with tomahawk and fire-
brand. The settlers fled from Dans-
bury—now Stroudsburg—in dismay.
Every house for miles round was de-
serted, except the Brodhead homestead
on Ananias Creek. That was fortified
by its undaunted owners, and
made a house of refuge for the less
courageous settlers. One afternoon
two hundred painted savages sur-
rounded it. But the trusty rifles of the
Brodhead brothers, fired with unerring
aim, made so many of their howling
assailants bite the dust, that after a
few hours of conflict they retired, car-
rying away their dead.

The eldest of these brothers became
a General in the army of the Revolution,
and was put in command of Fort
Pitt by Washington, who held him in
very high estimation.

The youngest, Luke, was also a con-
spicuous soldier. He entered the army
as a private in the First American Rifle
Regiment, which was ordered to Bos-
ton. Commissioned a Lieutenant, he
next fought in the disastrous battle of
Long Island. Early in that fierce fight
he took a British Major prisoner, but
was himself captured subsequently,
and imprisoned in the Sugar House and
prison ships on New York.

While still held a prisoner he was
commissioned captain. After being
exchanged he fought in the battles of
Short Hills, Brandywine, Germantown,
Monmouth, etc., and was commissioned
a colonel. But honorable wounds, re-
ceived in the bloody struggles on Long
Island and the Brandywine, impaired
his health, and compelled him to retire
from the army. He was an intimate
friend of Lafayette.

This brave soldier was the Rev. John
Brodhead's father. The incident above
related shows that he inherited his
father's and grandfather's courage. But
it was displayed on a still nobler field
than that of honorable war. It enabled

him to do valiantly as a traveling
preacher, while the traditional ability
of his family came out remarkably in
his successful career. In the Church
he was an honored Presiding Elder, in
the State, a member of the New Hamp-
shire legislature, and for several years
its trusted representative in Congress.
He died in April, 1838, but his works
followed him, and to-day his memory
is like "precious ointment poured
forth."
Englewood, New Jersey.

TWO ASPECTS.

BY MARY G. BRAINARD.
John xii. 29.

They who have ears to hear, oft catch the
utter
Of angel forms
Where duller souls perceive alone the mut-
ter

Of coming storms.

Some find no sunshine to illumine their fears
With cheering rays;
Others make rainbows with blinding tears
Of cloudy days

Or find out angels in some lonely tomb
Through their wet eyes,
Stooping and looking down into the gloom
With grief grown wise.

Many discover, in their clouded sky,
Bereft of bright,
The shadow of an angel drawing nigh
With hidden light.

Look! for at evening time the mists are
riven,
And float apart;
God hangs the glory of the starry heaven
Above our dark.

Listen! for through the discord of earth's
story
And thunder-rolls,
There fall sweet voices from the upper
glory
To listening souls.

THE ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

BY PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.

We had traveled all day through a
poor and poorly cultivated country,
save in the immediate vicinity of two
or three large towns, and the dry and
dreary ridge of the Apennines had
flanked us on the left all the way. But
as we approached Capua we entered
one of the richest valleys of Italy, cov-
ered with its regular rows of mulberry
and olive trees, and interlaced with the
vine. It was toward sunset when we
traversed the vast gardens that lie in
the outskirts of Naples. To the left, in
the distance, Vesuvius was sending up
its columns of white smoke, and its
furnaced sides looked much as one
would suppose they would, after the
fiery ploughshare has been driven
through them for centuries. As we
drove down from the station, the fa-
mous Bay flashed and rippled before
us. In the background, Castellamare
nestled at the base of St. Angelo, and
Sorrento thrust its long dark ridge out
into the Mediterranean. Capri, tinged
with the sunset, seemed like a rock of
jasper at the mouth of the bay, while
just opposite it, on the slope of Vesu-
vius, a portion of a rainbow hung above
its crook of gold.

We slept that night—we meaning Dr.
Steele, the popular preacher at Apple-
ton, and myself—much as school boys
do on the eve of a holiday. We were
to make the ascent of Vesuvius on the
morning. At an early hour we were
on board our *fiora* for Resina, where
the ascent is usually commenced from
the Naples side. Our horse was chief-
ly bones, our driver steady, with a very
frightened head of hair, and our cab
slightly rickety. It was market time
all along the three-mile street that cir-
cles the bay to Resina. The motley
scene of buyers and sellers and comers
and goers is indescribable. It was an
astonishing, amusing, and picturesque
combination of half-dressed men, chil-
dren with only one thing to cover
them, and short at that; women in fan-
tastic costumes, ragged *lazzaroni* and
barefooted sailors, heaps of boxes and
baskets, hawkers crying their wares,
walking carriages supporting huge
vessels of water or baskets of vegeta-
bles on their heads, sorry donkeys that
were the motive power for big panniers
piled with merchandise or bundles of
straw or fagots which covered all but
their long ears and stub tail, pyramids
of tempting grapes, figs, oranges and
pomegranates, big kettles of boiled
chestnuts, fish pancakes and johnny-
cakes, vehicles of every grade and size,
two-wheeled go-carts, literally covered
with humanity to the number of twelve
or twenty and drawn by one poor ani-
mal, other loads drawn by a broad-
horned white ox, sandwiched between
a horse and an ass, and a hurly-burly
of craftsmen and tradesmen—all intent
upon the business of the day.

At Resina we dismissed our carriage,
and took horses and a guide. Dr.
Steele's grey led the way, and after
some urging my humbler black reluc-
tantly followed. At first the path is a
narrow, paved lane, passing houses,
gardens and vineyards. Soon, how-
ever, we reached the lava fields, and
the stiffened streams bordered the road.
The most noticeable are those of '58,
'61, and '72. The two former streams
have a black, waxy surface where it is
unbroken; but the flow is everywhere

cracked and seamed in cooling, show-
ing varying color and character at dif-
ferent depths from the top. The latter
is chiefly scoria, of a lighter color, and
broken into small fragments. The sur-
face presents a great variety of fantas-
tic shapes, which the soft mass assum-
ed and retained when it became cold.
Sometimes it looks like a battle-field,
and it requires but little imagination to
see headless and limbless bodies, hands,
feet, and heads, the various attitudes
of death, and the debris of war in con-
fused heaps. Sometimes there are
watery waves that have suddenly stiff-
ened. Then they form the leaves of a
book, or the paw of a lion, or the back
of an alligator, or a shell of a tortoise.
Very frequently there is the appearance
of the gnarled and twisted roots of
trees that have been blackened by fire.
No vegetation relieves the desolation,
more than if it were a mountain of cast-
iron. A short distance from the cone
that forms the summit, on a little
promontory between two lava-streams
stands the government observatory. It
is furnished with all necessary instru-
ments for meteorological observations,
and also a seismograph to register the
shakings of the mountain by earth-
quakes and eruptions. Science is ven-
turesome in more senses than one, and
braves fire and brimstone in more
senses than one. It is to be hoped,
however, that Vesuvius will have no
more martyr Plinys, and that scientists
will not blindly ignore real moral crat-
ers and plunge into ruin.

Leaving our horses at the base of
the cone, we commenced to wade
through the soft pumice and ashes.
Our feet buried themselves several
inches, and our bodies made a very
acute angle with the mountain, which
slopes here about thirty degrees. Sev-
eral men kindly informed us that the
ascent was very fatiguing, and offered
us the aid of leathern straps to pull us
up. We declined, and they insisted.
We said no; but an Italian never com-
prehends that syllable of English. They
enlarged on the difficulty of our under-
taking, and we silently trudged on.
They crowded by us and pushed up be-
hind us, teased and teased us. The
doctor, entirely contrary to his natural
disposition, as all his friends know,
was inclined to be facetious at their
expense; told them they were doing
just what all the guide books said they
would; that when he could go no
further alone he would go down again;
talked good English to their Italian in
such a serio-comic strain that I lost
my balance with laughter, and nearly
fell back towards down the steep. At
last our Yankee determination triumphed,
and we left them behind.

It took us an hour to climb to the
crater. Once there, we were doubly
rewarded for our labor. The view of
the crater alone pays for the toil. The
huge, yawning abyss was filled with
smoke or steam heavily charged with
sulphurous fumes. The cloud rolled
and lifted constantly, giving us varying
and satisfactory views from different
points, as we walked round the rim of
the crater. A part of the way the sides
slope gradually down to unknown
depths, while on the other side it is a
perpendicular precipice. Brilliant col-
ors, red, green and yellow, cover the
slopes and edges of the crater. A bot-
tomless ravine is formed on one side,
and two large circular mouths open
under the ledges on the other. We
rolled stones down into the depths to
see if we could provoke a small erup-
tion for our benefit, but only got a dull,
unearthly sound, dying away in the dis-
tance. We walked over the burning
mass until our feet were hot, and the
suffocating fumes compelled us to re-
treat. We gathered specimens that
almost burnt our hands to hold; thrust
our sticks into the glowing lava and
saw them instantly flash into a blaze;
speculated on the probable result of
going down into the crater; ate roast-
ed eggs hot from Tartarean fires; and
reflected much on the scientific ques-
tions that the situation suggested.

But the view of the inner abyss is
not the only reward for climbing Vesu-
vius. The surrounding scenery is glo-
riously beautiful. Eastward lie the
Apennines, with Nola, Palma and Sarno
at their foot. Northward, Capua is
visible in the distance, and all the
smiling meadows between are dotted
with towns and villas. The blue wa-
ters of the Bay stretch away to the
West and Southwest, and its long arms
embrace Naples, with its terraces rising
one above the other to St. Elmo and
Posilipo, Sorrento over against it, the
ancient home of Augustus, and the
birth-place of Tasso, and all the popu-
lous shore between, with its villas and
vineyards on the hill-sides. To the
south, Pompei was eighteen centuries
ago, and is again to-day; and still
further on, Stabiae, buried by the same
eruption, and not yet risen from its
grave. The whole scene is one of sur-
passing loveliness, and when the mem-
ory calls up the historic names and
events connected with these localities,
the interest is intensified a hundred
fold. Ancient, mediæval, and modern

times have made this place the theatre
of the most important transactions, and
every foot of its historic ground.

We were reluctant to leave a spot of
so much interest, and went away with
the involuntary sigh that so often
comes to the traveler with the thought
of never seeing an interesting sight
again.

What a difference it makes to have
gravitation for us, instead of against us.
What it took us an hour to do, in as-
cending, the doctor accomplished in
seven minutes, and I in a trifle more.
Judging by the vast leaps we made,
and admitting Darwinianism, our an-
cestors must have been of the Kangaroo
species. Once down the cone, how-
ever, the descent ceased to be easy.
Being unaccustomed to ride ponies, the
jolting they gave us was anything but
agreeable. We beguiled the journey
down as well as we could with the
ever-varying views, near and distant,
but were not sorry to dismount at Re-
sina and settle our bill.

"RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE
POWER."

BY REV. E. S. BEST.

The Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice Presi-
dent of the United States, has for some
time past been engaged in writing a
history of the "Rise and Fall of the
Slave Power in America." Part of
this work has already appeared in the
columns of the New York *Independent*,
and it has been affirmed by many
that they have, in a great measure, se-
cured the popularity and success of
that journal. It is now being pub-
lished in three volumes, by James Os-
good & Co., of Boston. The first vol-
ume, which has already made its ap-
pearance, traces the progress of the
"peculiar institution" from its origin in
August, 1620, when a Dutch ship en-
tered James River with twenty African
slaves, and sold them to the colonists,
on down to the 22d of December, 1844,
when the slave power won its greatest
political triumph in the annexation of
Texas, as a slave State, to the Union.

Looking at Slavery in its infancy,
and again in its pride and prime, Mr.
Wilson, with wondrous vividness and
vigor, places both these pictures before
us. "Is it not a singular and mysteri-
ous providence that the same year
which bore the Mayflower to the new
world, with its precious freight of learn-
ing, piety, and Christian civilization,
should have also brought this ill
starred vessel, with its burden of
wretchedness and woe, bearing the
seeds of a system destined, after a
struggle of two hundred and forty
years for development, expansion and
dominion, to light the fires of civil
war, and perish in the flames its own
hand had kindled?" With the same
earnestness and eloquence he depicts
the annexation villainy.

The slaveholders had the "giant's
strength," and they did not hesitate to
use it like a giant, however tyrannous
it might appear. By a vote of thirty-
one to fourteen, the joint resolution
was passed, and Texas became a State
of the American Union. It seemed as
if the demon of slavery had power
over the souls as well as the bodies of
men, and had bound the one as com-
pletely as the other. But there still
were those who had faith in God, and
in the power of truth, and who still be-
lieved that, in some way they were not
able to foresee, this great wrong would
be righted, and this haughty power be
overborne.

The second volume, now passing
through the press, brings the history
down to the election of Mr. Lincoln;
while the third traces it through the
fiery carnage of the Rebellion, until
its final overthrow in our own time.

One remarkable excellency of this
work is its fidelity to the idea ex-
pressed in its title. It is not a mere
record of tabulated facts; it gets be-
hind the facts, and shows the princi-
ples or motives which produced them.
It is not so much a history of slavery,
as a history of the slave power. The
author has succeeded in delineating
the subjective, or psychological aspect
of slavery, with wonderful distinctness
and accuracy. No writer we know of
can at all compare with Mr. Wilson
in this characteristic of his work; for
there is hardly a chapter in the entire
volume which does not afford ample il-
lustration of this peculiarity.

In his opening paragraph he tells us
that "slavery, in all its Protean forms,
arises from man's efforts to escape the
doom denounced against him in God's
word: 'In the sweat of thy face, shalt
thou eat bread.'" History and tradi-
tion teach that the indolent, the crafty,
and the strong, unmindful of human
rights, have ever sought to evade this
divine decree by flogging their bread
from the constrained and unpaid toil of
others." This is the standpoint from
which he views the whole subject, and
ever shows the slave power advancing
or declining, just as the cupidity or am-
bition of those affected by it is cher-
ished or disclaimed.

With this principle in view, it is an
easy matter for us to understand how

slavery gained such ascendancy over
the minds of the populace, even in the
Northern States. They shared in its
profits, and therefore tried to cover up
its iniquities, and were ready to yield
to all its demands. Still, it is one of
the most wonderful events recorded on
the pages of history, that a nation so
terribly demoralized by this vice should
in so short a time completely effect its
destruction. We cannot be surprised
that even now in the South the officers
of the government, northern school
teachers and settlers are scorned and
ostracized, when the Noyes Academy,
in Canaan, N. H., for having opened its
doors to a few colored students, is con-
demned by the selectmen of the town
as a nuisance, and by the aid of three
hundred yoke of oxen is drawn outside
the limits of this misnamed locality,
when Miss Prudence Crandall, a mem-
ber of the Society of Friends, of Can-
terbury, Connecticut, had her house
broken into by a mob, her well filled
up with filth, her person insulted,
dragged before a so-called court of jus-
tice, and finally incarcerated, as the
grossest of felons, in a cell which had
just been vacated by a murderer. All
this, and more, was endured by this
heroic noble woman for the crime of
teaching a few colored girls the usual
branches of an ordinary education.

But as Mr. Wilson very forcibly
adds, "these scenes of Canterbury
were hardly more disgraceful than
those which were witnessed twenty
years afterward in Boston, at the ren-
cous of Anthony Burns. Andrew T.
Judson, commanding the silence of the
committee appearing in the behalf of
Miss Crandall in that old meeting
house at Canterbury, was no more an
instrument of the slave power than was
Mr. Webster, years afterwards, de-
manding from the steps of the Revere
House in Boston that the citizens of
New England should "learn to con-
quer their prejudices." The trustees of
that church, excluding Prudence Cran-
dall and her pupils from the house of
God, were hardly more obnoxious to
just condemnation than were the Eng-
lish Slave Act discourses and "South
Side Views" of subsequent years.

As Methodists, we feel gratified to
see honorable mention of the names of
Orange Scott and George Storrs, as pi-
oneers in the anti-slavery conflict; and
yet we think it a little strange that
there is not, in this first volume, the
slightest allusion, with the exception of
the Society of Friends, to the efforts of
any of the religious denominations to
antagonize the slave power. What is
still more remarkable, as chronologi-
cally it would come into this part of his
work, we have no notice taken of the
disruption of the Methodist Church,
which, rather than endure further en-
croachments from this barbarous evil,
lost at a stroke nearly half its members
and half its territory. We cannot think
that an event so important as this,
foreshadowing as it did the great se-
cession of the nation, could be passed
over in silence by so accurate and ju-
dicious an historian. It may be that
we are premature in noticing this
omission, and that in the forthcoming
volume it will receive the attention it
rightly demands.

Nothing impresses us more in the
study of this work, than its profoundly
religious spirit. Indeed, no history of
the slave power that would be true to
its name, could be written in any other
spirit, for no chapter in the records of
humanity more distinctly demonstrates
the terrible retributions which must in-
evitably befall, in this world, those na-
tions which violate the enactments of
the supreme Legislator. It is with this
thought deeply influencing his mind
that Mr. Wilson writes the noble
words which close the first volume of
his work. Referring to the defeat of
Mr. Clay, and the success of the an-
nexation plot, he says: "As it is the
conviction that in 1861 the nation
was not prepared for victory on the
battle field of Bull Run, may it not be
believed that in essentially the same
conflict, and for essentially the same
reasons, it was not prepared for tri-
umph in 1844. 'God in history,' to
the American and Christian patriot
thus instructed, should therefore be a
perpetual inspiration in the darkest
hour—a perennial source of faith and
hope, of consolation and courage."

It is a matter of more than national
importance that this work has been un-
dertaken by one so eminently qualified
to fulfill it. The friends of humanity
throughout the world will rejoice that
his health is now permanently restored,
and that they have such good reason to
look for the speedy completion of his
history of the slave power. The best
thing we can say for the book is this:
every page of it bears the impress of
the character of its illustrious author.
The same dignity, integrity, and thor-
oughness which have made his name
distinguished as a statesman, will ele-
vate him to a similar position amongst
the literary men of his day. A new
edition of the first volume is just issu-
ing from the press.

ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD.

(The following legend, from the Boston Journal
is narrated apropos of Rev. Narayan Sheshadri's
visit to America.)

A Brahmin on a lotus pad
Once wrote the holy name of God;
Then planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and rare.

A slave upon the dusty road
Fell fainting 'neath his heavy load;
The Brahmin, thoughtless, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.

The dead scarce done, he stood aghast
At touching one beneath his caste;
Behold, cried he, I am unclean;
My hands have clasp the vile and mean.

God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace;
The buried seed uprose from earth,
And bloomed and blossomed into birth.

Its leaves were marked with letters rare,
And gladly read the Brahmin there
These words: "Count all of equal caste;
Then count thyself the least and last."

WORSHIP OF MONTEZUMA IN
MEXICO.

Curious Specimen of Religious Lib-
erty.—Singular Superstition.—Treas-
ures of Montezuma.

The *Revista Universal*, one of our
Spanish papers, in its number of Sept.
12, 1873, gives a singular account of
the worship paid to the Aztec Emperor.
It occurs yearly in the town of Conta-
dera, which lies a few miles from Mex-
ico City.

On the top of a hill near San Fran-
cisco el Viejo, municipality of Huis-
quilucan, there is a chapel consecrated
equally to the worship of the "holy
cross of the Christians" and to "Mon-
tezuma, Saviour of the world." The
priest (Roman Catholic), who has an
understanding with his flock that they
shall enjoy full liberty of conscience,
carries, in one season of the year, the
holy cross in procession to this chapel,
where with great solemnity and rever-
ence on the part of the Indians, it is
deposited and remains in the spot for
six months of the year. It is then re-
moved, and the other half of the year
the chapel is devoted to the exclusive
worship of Montezuma.

While the holy cross is in the chapel,
all the Indians visit it with great rever-
ence, carrying rosaries, medals, relics,
etc., etc.; but when the turn of Mon-
tezuma comes these are all laid aside,
and for the following six months they
return to the original worship of the
Aztecs before the conquest of Cortes.
They believe that Montezuma has his
palace and gardens in the center of the
hill, and they adore him as a god.

This year, the feast which initiated
the ancient worship, commenced June
2. Thousands of the Indians were
present, and the whole valley was illu-
minated. At midnight (so the Indians
say) strange sounds are heard from the
ground, such as the beating of a drum.
They all say that they have heard these
sounds, and that they proceed from
their ancient emperor and his court.
The writer of the Spanish article asked
one of the Indians if there were any
means of visiting this renowned per-
sonage, and whether he or any mortal
might be allowed that honor. The In-
dian replied:—

"You may do so, but on one con-
dition: you must have no rosary, or
medal, or other sign of religion on
your person; otherwise, it is certain
death."

He was then asked to act as guide.
He replied in a

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY

METHODISM STILL AGGRESSIVE.

BY REV. W. W. BALDWIN.

Contrary to the fears of many, the facts concerning Methodist aggression are assuring and consoling. As a Church we never before accomplished so much as during the last decade, in such wide and varied fields of Christian enterprise, in the face of such obstacles. That we have not only held our own, but wonderfully advanced in every department of our work, and most in those departments that insure our present stability and our future growth, is remarkable. Conditions unfavorable to rapid growth have confronted us.

1. The novelty of our movements is gone. The people are familiar with our methods of evangelizing.

2. The dissenting portion of the people, who were holding aloof from Church sympathies because of their dissent from the other denominations, has long since been absorbed by us. From this class our first successes were realized.

3. Only a certain portion of the population can ever be secured by any one denomination, where so many worthy denominations strive to save their share of the people. As we approach the point where all the people will be active in sympathy with some one or other of the denominations, the rate of increase by any one denomination must be relatively less.

4. The larger a body becomes, the lower the probable rate per cent. of increase will be. One, by adding one, increases one hundred per cent. That could be done; but to increase one million five hundred thousand one hundred per cent., is quite a different affair. And then to double the latter amount, and so on until the actual limit of the population is reached, increases the difficulty at each step.

5. The larger a body becomes, the greater the number of non-producers. A Church of one hundred members might double itself in one year; but Mr. Spurgeon's Church of three thousand members would not double itself in one year, unless the gales of Pentecost should blow over it.

6. The greater the body, the wider will be its appliances and agencies, and the greater the probability that some of them may be non-productive of an increased growth. If one or more departments of a great Church, then, only are viewed, it may seem as if there were a decline. Viewed as a whole, however, a great advance may have been realized.

7. Many features of Christian work, essential to the welfare of the Church, were never before pressed so actively and with such uniform success as now.

1. In building costly and magnificent churches we indicate a new era in our history. Arts and architecture are becoming our handmaids in developing the aesthetics of Methodism.

2. It is also an era of magnificent literary foundations. Boston University, Syracuse University, the enlarged North Western University, and others of less note, are works of surpassing promise.

3. It is also the era of theological foundations with us. Drew, Garrett, and Boston schools of theology indicate a cultured ministry.

4. Book Concerns like 805 Broadway, are an advance on old 200 Mulberry Street.

5. In effective missions, Italy, Mexico, Japan, and Bulgaria prosecuted, furnish glory enough for one aggressive year.

6. All benevolences have taken to thriving with us latterly. "A thousand churches built" by "Church Extension," while the whole world is swept by the eyes of our male and female missionaries, indicates unobated force.

7. We come now to statistical Methodism. How does our growth compare with the American population, with general Protestantism, and with Romanism? They are aggressive. Then are we more so.

American population increased from 1860 to 1870, 2.26 per cent. annually. Protestant communicants increased in the same time 2.6 per cent. annually, or 4 per cent. faster than the population. Roman Catholic church sittings increased in the same time 4.1 per cent. annually, or nearly 2 per cent. faster than the population, or 1.5 per cent. faster than Protestantism.

The membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church increased from 1864 to 1872 (we take these dates because we can get the statistics of these years easier than others), 6.63 per cent. annually. This was 4.37 per cent. faster than the population, or 4.03 per cent. faster than general Protestantism, or 2.63 per cent. faster than Catholicism. Old and New School Presbyterianism increased in the same time 3.41 per cent. annually, or 3.22 per cent. slower than the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Northern Baptists increased in the same time 1.22 per cent. annually, or 5.41 per cent. slower than the Methodist Episcopal Church.

These figures present Methodist growth in a favorable light. But in the older Methodist communities the aggregation of material is not as rapid as in the newer communities. Methodism in Kansas, from 1864 to 1872, increased 26 per cent. annually, or nearly 20 per cent. faster than the general increase. In the forbidding regions of the Rocky Mountains, from Colorado to California, Methodism increased in the same time 10.94 per cent. annually, or 4.31 per cent. faster than the general increase. San Francisco has more, stronger, and richer churches than New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Bos-

ton Methodism, at its Methodistic age. Denver (Colorado) has outstripped, in its three Methodist churches, all these older cities at its Methodistic age. Salt Lake City has gone ahead of Boston Methodism at its age under Jesse Lee.

But the Southern Conferences present Methodist aggression in a light quite marvelous. There, amid peculiarly unfavorable conditions, the energies of the Church, through its missionaries, have been largely turned toward a numerical gathering. Work has been done in the other departments of Church labor, but the first and greatest effort has been to convert the people and bring them into the Church. Between 1864 and 1872 the Southern membership increased 195.53 per cent. annually. Methodist history furnishes no growth equaling this, extending over so large a country through eight consecutive years. If these figures mean anything, they do mean the successful use of mighty agencies. Taken all together they are such that if equaled by the whole Christian Church, not many decades would be between us and the realization of a redeemed world.

But Methodism is not all within its organized forces. We turn multitudes of converts into other communions. Our presentation of the practical doctrines, our methods of labor, our intensity of experience, have influenced general Protestantism. An acute observer says, "the thermometer of the Church universal stands twenty degrees higher because of the furnace John Wesley kindled." It is no disparagement to them to say that the things suggested to them perhaps by Methodism, are now the points in their economy that give them their greatest success. It is still to our praise to say that we show a far higher rate of increase than do other denominations using now the same means, for we know how still to use our own agencies the most successfully.

"I DON'T TROUBLE MYSELF ABOUT THAT."

One Monday morning, not long since, eight or ten clergymen, of various denominations, were gathered to report the work of the previous day, and to converse for mutual edification. One of the number finished his report with this sentence: "None came to the altar for prayers last evening. So I was not as well satisfied as I should have been if I had seen that result." Immediately an animated discussion commenced. Some affirmed that, as ministers of Christ, we are not responsible for results; and that we ought to be as well satisfied when none were coming to the Saviour, as if the altars were full. Others dissented from the view, and claimed that, to a certain extent, we are responsible for results, and that we ought not to be satisfied without seeing fruits.

As we are all *incommo*, it will do no harm to repeat what else was said. Near the close of the discussion, one of the brethren said, "in my preaching, I try to do the best I can; and as to whether souls are converted or not, I don't trouble myself about that. There are many souls converted, about whose new life we know nothing." To this double statement, a brother returned answer: "We ought to trouble ourselves about the result; and there are many souls going down to death, about whom we do know."

The discussion was loving, though warm; and I presume the brother had some good meaning in his statements; but I must confess I did not agree with the title of this article. Since that morning, my mind has been busy thinking what gave the soul-savers of other years the grand success they saw. Their desire for the salvation of men grew to be a master passion. Let some of them come now from their graves, and work a half year, and see no souls redeemed, and they would pack their saddle-bags, mount their horses, and hurry to another corner of the vineyard; or, they would, perhaps more wisely, appoint days of fasting and prayer, and beseege the throne, and stay not until the mighty answer fell on the thirsty land. Why did Wesley sink all University preferment, all elegant ease in the Establishment, all dreams of worldly good, all social delights? Simply that he might save souls. He was not satisfied without results; and they followed his labors. This spirit, descending from him, finds expression in that clause of our Discipline—*Question*—Where should we endeavor to preach most? *Answer*—1. Where there is the greatest number of quiet and willing hearers. 2. Where there is the most fruit.

"Bunyan said: I could not be satisfied unless some fruits did appear from my preaching." Matthew Henry said: "If I do not gain souls, I shall enjoy all other gains with very little satisfaction." Brainerd writes:—"I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could gain souls for Christ. While I was asleep, I dreamed of these things; and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was this great work." And he saw fruit. John Smith, the mighty Wesleyan preacher, used to say:—"I am a broken-hearted man—not for myself, but for others. God has given me such a sight of the value of precious souls, that I cannot live if souls are not saved. O, give me souls, or else I die."

What means all this? It is the spirit of Jesus, concerning whom prophecy said:—"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." This ardor for souls is inbred—imbued from Christ Jesus. Who knows how soon sterile wastes would

become "as the garden of the Lord," if we only were in league with the Lord's Spirit, and "troubled ourselves about it!" What do we expect when evangelists, with good or objectionable methods, come to any churches? Why, that souls will be saved, of course. Then why not the same results with the regular pastor, as leader in the work? God help us to as supreme self-dissatisfaction if we ever feel like being satisfied with a routine of service, without the results for which the Master longs and looks.

Perhaps the position of some among the laity may help us solve our trouble. Is it not true that, as far as the souls around them are concerned, many say, "I do not trouble myself about them," in a far more objectionable sense than the sentence had when first used? If gold fall one per cent., how heavy sometimes the shadow of coming want, even though possessions still be great! If the naughty rain has wet "the love of a hat," or the dress is a misfit, what a panic follows! But at the same table with these there sit souls on their way to immortality—an immortality of woe that is fathomless; and they have no "trouble about it." If all the Bible says about hell is a scare, let us melt the stereotype plates from which our hymn books are printed, and issue an edition from which all hymns about depravity, penitence, judgment, and the second death shall be expunged. Yes; let us convert our churches into ware-houses, stop our sermonizing, send our ministers to secular employments, and remodel our religious literature; for there is nothing to fear—nothing to escape. But if, as the hymn says,

"There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath—
A death around which hang
Eternal horrors,"
how ardently should we use effort to snatch souls from its embrace. The strongest emotion and the most persistent praying, and the steadiest grasp of imperilled souls, is our work. This is not mechanical work—so much a day—so many days in a week. But work, after a heavenly baptism, which does all for love's sake—for Jesus' sake; and which keeps on doing, through thick and thin—never so well satisfied as when it "sees of the travail of His soul."

W. T. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

I have been very much interested in the interchange of views between you and the Southern men and newspapers which oppose Bishop Hagen. I think you and they both are right, and both are wrong. I make but the least doubt that all your differences arise from the local standpoints whence each views or considers the great question at issue. If you had been raised in Georgia, you would, I think, espouse the same sentiments as our Southern brethren; and if they were in your editorial chair they would free away precisely as you do.

I know I am making a very sweeping and positive assertion in all this, but I state it in a round-about way, simply the conclusions I have arrived at as a matter of experience; and my solution is the result of some seven years' hard and careful study of the matter, as you shall see.

In 1865 there was no church in this city which was open to the colored man and white man on terms of equality. In the Protestant churches there were some lingerings of the old-time custom of allowing the colored members to occupy seats in a gallery, or in some far out-of-the-way corner, like as the slaves had been used to do under the old regime. In the Catholic churches the hours of service were so arranged that the white worshippers came at one time, and the colored at another. But everything that looked like a favored place in God's house was not known or desired. In that year a Church organization was started here by the Congregationalists, having for its mottoes, *Pro Christo et ecclesia*, and an open Bible; and on the broad foundation of a common humanity three wide open its doors to the colored man as well as to the white. It was not till 1867, about that, that any of the colored people asked to be admitted; and when they did, there was a commotion in this Church as shook it to the very foundations. It did not, however, abate in the least its adherence to its original promise. The colored applicants were admitted; more have been admitted since; and now, out of a membership of about 850, there are sixteen colored persons. The colored people have and enjoy the same rights to seats in the church, and places in the Sunday-school, with any and all other members of the Church and society. But there has been thus far no attempt made at fraternization socially, and the barrier to this appears to be as high and strong now as ever.

But what has been the gain? How much better is this Church? or how much have the colored people been advanced? I fail to see that there have been any good results, beyond the proof of a mere proposition, or the accomplishment of a theory. The colored people can in this sanctuary worship after the particular form and manner that are dear to them; but if they had any force or vitality they could before now have organized and built up a strong colored Church, where they would have enjoyed all these advantages, and they would also have had social and other surroundings that would have brought them near to each other in Church fellowship and in mutual friendship. More than this, they would have been a working force in the community, and have helped bring

into the fold those of their race who were beyond any influences except those which just such a Church organization could have exerted.

Not do I perceive that the Church to which they now belong has gained an iota of advantage in any manner or form. It has been true to its professions, and in that sense has not lost any self-respect; but it has not found in these members any appreciable strength, or any considerable help beyond the mere numerical gain.

Now, while I could not consent that the doors of this Church should be shut to any man on account of complexion or race, I do not think those brethren who say, outspoken, that they do not want colored persons in their membership or audience, are so greatly in the wrong. Whether the sentiment is avowed or concealed, Church relations and fellowships are governed by quite the same motives as are our mere worldly relations and fellowships. In short, in our religious as well as in our daily affairs, all of us consult likes and dislikes; and we would sooner seek a Church where our friends and equals congregate, than another where are gathered the rough, uncouth, and illiterate.

So that I do not, and cannot in any sense, censure these Southern friends when they express their unwillingness to consent to the attempts at the violent admixture of the white and colored worshippers. The views you advocate may be sentimentally and theoretically correct; but there must intervene a generation, at least, of education and refining influences before the two races can begin to come together thus with any real advantage to either. If the union is forced now, the result must be an injury to the white portion, or an evil to the colored portion. The two elements will not find the level that is equal to the best, but will more likely find a level that is below the general average of both sides. Of course, where there are but one or two whites, or but one or two colored people, the union will make but little moment. In my general statement, I mean such an organization as shall contain something near equality of numbers between the white and colored members.

Now, my dear sir, if I have not spun this story too long altogether, I doubt if you in Boston can tell exactly how your theory would work in practice—I mean, in full and actual practice, according to your broad statement, until you have located yourself in the South, in the place of those Southern people, and learned for yourself how rough and unshapely the material which is to be molded and fashioned. I very much doubt if any prudent man would choose, under any ordinary circumstances, to associate himself and his family with a mixed organization of white and colored, if he could find an organization of white people. Nor am I now prepared to say that it is one's duty to seek the former style of organization rather than the latter. Under some circumstances, missionary, or the like, it may be wise and proper; but it is in only the exceptional instances.

I do not mean to intimate the slightest sympathy with the violent manner in which our Southern brethren express themselves. Their very vehemence almost suggests that they have a fear they are wrong. The case is indeed a delicate one, and I make no doubt that both you and our Southern friends are like minded in seeking a clear and plain path to tread, and are both equally desirous that the glorious cause of the Master shall suffer no lack either of the right and just word, or the plain and evident act of duty. But I now incline to the mind that the extreme anti-colored men will have, in time, to yield every prejudice against color, because in the years to come education and refinement will purge away the dreadful mental and moral gross which centuries of degradation and all impurities have made part of the nature of the present colored race. Then the colored man shall stand before his fellows as he now does in his Maker's sight—a human being with an immortal soul; and, having a like opportunity, shall enjoy every advantage in the race with his fairer fellow. And it will then be seen, I think, how unwise any forced union must have been when there was no common ground on which it could be made.

L. D.

Our Social Meeting.

"Nansen" has such thoughts as these about some of our modern efforts to develop social life in the Church:—

I was brought up in the old Presbyterian Church, planted by our Pilgrim Fathers at Eastham—formerly Nansen, named after an Indian Chief—where the Church, through its representatives, made it an offense punishable by fine not to attend Church. The town itself was fined if it neglected to provide for religious institutions, and the house of God was always a very solemn and sacred place. Now, the fact of that early habit and association has followed me ever since, so that when I see the house of God, dedicated and set apart for holy purposes, where men are expected to be taught the truth of God's Word, devoted to secular purposes, I ask, how are we to answer at the day of Judgment, if we profane His house by using it for other objects?

Christ found in the Temple those that sold doves, oxen and sheep, and changers of money sitting; and he drove them out, saying, take these things hence; make not My Father's house a house of merchandise. It would seem as though this innovation had come about by those who had the care of the Temple, that the worshippers might be supplied with animals and other things requisite for the altar sacrifice. Consequently there was more or less confusion and bustle, so that those who

came to worship were greatly disturbed. Historians inform us that hundreds of thousands of victims were offered at one feast of the Passover, and that the priest joined in the money making business, in letting out parts of the Temple for gain, supposing, as many do now, that the end sanctified the means. Tradition says, that the sellers of these offerings charged higher prices on account of the place where they were bought; and even worse than this, that the priests and Levites sold the animals they had received for sacrifice to the dealers at less price, in order that they might sell them again;

so that the sacrifices were sold and the profit divided between salesman and priest. Thus, in all this traffic, money changers became necessary, as foreign money was not at par in Judea. In this way was the Temple profaned by avarice; and when our Lord saw this iniquity, no wonder He was indignant, and showed His high regard for religious worship, declaring that God's house should be only a house of prayer. Now, how is it to-day? After we have solemnly dedicated the Church and set it apart for God's service as a house of prayer, we take it back and let it out to the highest bidder, in some instances. Then we partition off a part for a kitchen, where hot suppers are prepared at what are called socials, where the outer, not inner, man is feasted; then we have music and promenade, stepping lively, as may be the music. Some would call it dancing; some, merely stepping along very lively. Then comes a fair, in which all the young people, of course, are encouraged to take a part. "O," says some, "it is for a good cause." Then last, not least, a debating club is formed, under a plea of drawing young men into the Church; and they hold public meetings, to which the ladies are invited, to hear their progress in debate on secular questions—not on their growth in grace. And so we might go on.

How forcible the letter of Paul to the Corinthian Church: "What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in?" Have we not places for debates and lectures on secular questions? The practice of eating hot suppers may have been taken from the heathen, who, after having sacrificed, ate and drank to excess. It reminds me of what is said of the children of Israel, who sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play.

The point I wish to make is this: Did you ever know of a Church who endorsed all these innovations to grow in grace? If so, then let us go in for them, as I believe in growing in grace and favor with God, and having a constant revival. If, in this manner, the Church is better prepared for her work, let us join in with a heart; for I am ready for every good word and work.

ANSWER TO AN OLD MAN'S RIDDLE.

The "Christian Hill," mentioned in the verse quoted, is just two and one-half miles nearly north of a celebrated cave, where a scene once transpired that has become historic; and the hero was a very brave general in the Revolution, and fought at the battle of Bunker Hill. As the parties mentioned in the Riddle are all dead, it will do no harm to call names.

The writer was very well acquainted with them all, including "Squire, Rosseter's negro, Byram Williams was an old schoolmate, though somewhat older. By the way, he spelled his name with an "a," instead of an "o."

The Quaker boy was B. R. Congdon, the son of Joseph Congdon, a worthy member of the small Society of Friends in the town of P. The S. R. was Stephen Rickard, late of West Kill, Conn. The man who fell from the steeple and was killed, I think was Barney Davis, of P. The father of the writer of the verse quoted, "The Old Man" of the Riddle was born on the banks of a beautiful river that bounds the town on the East, and his father's house once held a whole Methodist society, and not crowded at that. Now let friend P. guess the name of

ANOTHER OLD MAN.

A SICK ROOM LESSON.

BY C. J. LOOMIS.

Her features, pinched and drawn with pain,
Deep sunken eyes, and whitened hair—
A form, attenuate and thin;
You recognise disease is there—

Disease, in ghastly, sickening phase.
Yet something more I recognise—
Something in that poor wasted face,
And something in the hollow eyes,

That, like a steady, vestal flame,
On consecrated shrine, or pyre,
Quenches and bright, not dimmed by pain,
Illumes her face with holy fire.

And thus it is no place of gloom;
You could not think it sad, or drear,
This small, old fashioned, homely room;
For there's an angel brooding here;

And resignation is her name.
She lights the fire to those old eyes;
And by some heavenly grace, she turns
To praise her pain-exorted cries.

'Til take the goodly lesson home,
To sanctify both heart and mind.
Come health or sickness, joy or gloom,
To Jesus' will 'I'll be resigned.

A STORY OF A BOATMAN.

I had begun to hope till lately that there had been so much faithful preaching on justification by faith, that the Protestantism of England was pretty sound; but I find that there is just as much need for us to go over this first elementary doctrine as for Luther.

Not long ago I was out in a boat at sea wanting to be a little quiet. I said, "Come, now, Mr. Boatman, do you expect to go to heaven?"

He looked startled at the question, and said, "Yes; yes, sir, I do."

"Will you tell me why you expect to go there?"

He said very honestly, "Well, you see, sir, I am a pretty decent sort of a man. I have brought up a large family. I never was dependent upon the parish. I am not a man as is given to swearing. I don't drink; leastways I have taken too much sometimes; still I am not a drunken man. I pay everybody 20s. in the £, and I am a good neighbor."

I said, "Is that all?"

He said, "No, I go to church; leastways not in the summer time, for then we have visitors down, who want to go on the water. I am always kind to my neighbors—if any of them wants me to run for the doctor, why, I would

get up in the middle of the night to serve them."

I said, "Is that all?"

He said, "Well, and enough too, I should think."

I said, "No, no; you are altogether on the wrong track. This is not the way of salvation at all; and when I began to explain to him something about the doctrines of grace, and trust in God, the man looked hard at me; and yet I believe he had heard an evangelical minister too; but he had not the idea that we are saved by the doings of another, and not by our own doings—that we are justified by the righteousness of another, and not by our own righteousness."

"Yes," say you, "but he was only a poor boatman."

Ay, but this same thing is in all classes of society; this cancer of self-righteousness is everywhere; and the ministers of Christ will find it necessary to come back to the old times, and beat the drum once more, and say, "salvation is not of ourselves; it is the work of God."—*Spurgeon*.

How far must one wander from God to be a "backslider?" The Church at Ephesus was highly commended for its good works, yet, said the all-searching Spirit, "I have somewhat against thee because thou hast left thy first love," and "I will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent." Let these thoughts prompt us to a rigid self-examination.

Our Book Table.

RECORDS OF A QUIET LIFE, by Augustus J. C. Hare. Revised for American Readers by Wm. L. Gage. Boston: Roberts Bros. One almost regrets the abridgment to which the original English edition has been submitted. The work has, however, been skillfully done; and the delightful simplicity, piety, and culture of the remarkable family, in which Julius and Augustus Hare moved, and the inward domestic and intellectual life, whose outward character was exhibited in the "Mission of the Comforter" and "Sermons to a Country Congregation," are well preserved and wisely presented. The women of the circle are even more striking in their characteristics than the men, and this is made to appear in this charming home portraiture.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE OF WALES, DURING HIS TOUR IN THE EAST IN 1862. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. These sermons were preached in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and on the Mediterranean. Scriptures appropriate to the scenes where the discourses were delivered, and where the natural scenery, affording a striking illustration, was before their eyes, were chosen on these occasions. Half of the volume is composed of notes of travel. This American edition of these delightful sermons by Dean Stanley, is issued by the publishers in a very neat manner. The sermons are simple, short, spiritual, and every way appropriate to the occasions which called them out.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE. Lectures to Educated Hindoos, Delivered on His Late Visit to India, by Prof. Julius S. Seelye. Boston: Congregational Publishing House. We have, heretofore, referred to the remarkable interest created in India, during his round-the-world trip, by Prof. Seelye, among the higher castes—the educated Brahmins and Parsees. His stay was prolonged by the anxiety to hear him. His audiences were large and attentive from among the cultivated Hindoos. Four of the lectures were printed and published in Bombay, an eminent Brahmin scholar offering to bear the expense of publication. They are direct, practical, earnest, Scriptural sermons, presenting in constant contrast the teachings of the Bible and the power of the gospel, with the character and influence of the philosophies of their great oriental teachers.

ADDRESSES TO THE CANDIDATES FOR ORDINATION ON THE QUESTIONS IN THE ORDINATION SERVICE. By the Bishop of Oxford. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. Here is a Christian Alliance illustrated—a volume of charges by an ardent English Bishop, issued from the press of pronounced Presbyterian elders. These addresses, however, transcend all ecclesiastical limits; they are the godly counsels to young candidates for the ministry of an experienced, earnest, and very eloquent Christian Bishop. These discourses are searching and practical. No minister, young or old, can read them without profit. The late tragical death of their lamented author gives a special interest to them at this time.

THE CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL, by J. S. Howson, D. D. New York: Dodd & Mead. Dean Howson's ministry seems to linger lovingly around the Apostle to the Gentiles. His work, in connection with Conybeare, on the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," is well known. The present elegantly-published little volume, in five lectures, which are founded upon portions of St. Paul's writings, brings out distinguishing traits of his character, like "presence of mind," "tenderness and sympathy," "conscientiousness and integrity," and "courage and perseverance." It is a fine model of topical sermonizing.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL JUDGMENTS. By W. R. Greg. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., publishers. The author of "Enigmas of Life" will not lack readers for his new volume. The present is more popular, and does not, except in one paper, trench upon the debatable ground of revealed religious truth. It gives the sharp opinions of a keen and thoughtful observer upon men and literature, and upon a few social topics now in discussion—such as the redundancy of woman. The papers on the "False Morality of Lady Novelists" and "French Fiction" are of striking interest. His paper on "Kingsley and Carlyle" is original, and replete with incisive criticism. The whole volume is marked with the characteristics of a strong, conscientious, original thinker.

THE SON OF THE ORGAN-GRINDER. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. The works of this charming Swedish writer have been very rapidly published in this country, and enjoyed a very hearty appreciation. Her actions are pure, and of a moral tendency. This book is thoroughly interesting and wholesome. She is a profuse writer, and very popular in her native land. Nilsson writes in unqualified praise of her works. The authoress herself endorses the translation of this one of her favorite tales in an interesting letter to Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown, who

have rendered this volume into the English idiom. An expressive wood-cut of the authoress accompanies this volume.

Nine admirable lectures, by Bishop Thos. W. Clark, of Providence, to young men and young women, under the general title of THE DEW OF YOUTH, have been published by Lee & Shepard. They consider in a practical, but pleasant and attractive manner, such important questions as "the formation of character," "amusements," "books," "thought," "purity," "the true young woman," and "the highest style of manhood." It is, every way, an excellent volume.

SONG OF THE SUN-LANDS. By Joaquim Miller. Boston: Roberts Bros. Musical verse, with little success in picturing the exuberant riches of nature in the scene of "its most ambitious poem," and with small dramatic power, the volume has several very beautiful short poems. It will add little to the Pacific poet's reputation, and take nothing from it.

Harper & Bros. have issued, in their fine edition of Wylie Collier's works, *POET MISS FINCH, AND THE WOMAN IN WHITE*. In their Household Edition of Dickens—the finest popular set yet published—the last issue is LITTLE DORRIT. It has fifty-eight illustrations by Mahoney.

TWENTY-SIX SERMONS, by Dr. Charles S. Robinson, delivered in his church in Madison Avenue, New York, first published in a weekly pamphlet by A. S. Barnes & Co., have been gathered into a volume. Dr. Robinson is one of the most thoughtful and eloquent preachers of the metropolis. These discourses are fair specimens of his regular pulpit ministrations, and the reader of them will not wonder that his hearers are both interested and profited by them. We never listened to him without receiving great pleasure and inspiration.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

J. R. Osgood & Co. have published Volume VI. of THE CAMPING-OUT SERIES. It is called "On the Amazons," and records the strange adventures, and the singular natural sights, experienced and seen by the crew of "The Rambler" on the great South American river and its branches, as recorded by Nash, and edited by C. A. Stephens.

This issue "Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story-book," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with numerous illustrations—a gem of a book, and as funny and interesting as it is beautiful, for little readers.

They also publish "Marjorie Daw, and Other People," by one of the best of juvenile story-tellers, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, full of merry and innocent humor.

In a charming small quarto, beautifully printed, illustrated and bound, the same publishers issue the witty and amusing stories of Gail Hamilton, written for the little people—full as bright, and a great deal sweeter than her articles for older persons.

Perhaps their best juvenile gift-book, the present holidays, is "Child Life in Prose," a collection of some of the finest prose stories, written for young readers by the best writers of the land. The collection has been made by the poet John G. Whittier, to correspond with a similar collection of juvenile poems, published last year. It is printed on the finest paper, and bound with corresponding decorative covers.

Another handsome illustrated quarto is "Matt's Follies," and other stories, by Mary N. Pilsbury, with illustrations.

A great favorite with boy readers is J. T. Trowbridge, and his reputation with them will not suffer in reading "Doing His Best." It is full of music, and well-illustrated.

The fifth volume of THE CAMPING-OUT SERIES is "Fox Hunting, as Recorded by Read," edited by C. A. Stephens. The previous volumes form the best commendation to youthful readers of the new book. This volume is full of life and nature, but is at times coarse, and not over delicate.

Henry Hoyt has his usual full list of contributions to the holiday gifts. His volumes are all finely published, and the simple sight of them will make young eyes glisten. We can do little more than mention their names: "Susan Osgood's Prize; a New Story About an Old One," and admirably told. A capital tale, illustrating an important era in the history of Protestantism, is "Peter, the Apprentice; a Historical Tale of the Reformation in England." "The Mask Lifted," by Irving Campbell. This is evidently a record of real life—a pathetic story of a sadly tempted man recovering from a drunkard's habits, and saved from a drunkard's fate.

"The Two Friends of Ferley and Bessie's Blue Bells" tell how two young people, who loved each other, were much more tenderly drawn together by a common faith in the Lord Jesus; a good little book, in a touching story, teaching the best of lessons.

Mr. Hoyt has already issued, in a fine form, "The International Question Book" for next year

HERALD CALENDAR.

S. S. Convention, at Hopkinton, Dec. 11.
Gardner District Ministerial Association, at Brunswick, Dec. 12-13.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1873.

ABOUT THE MODOC.

In the daily press of this city, last week, serio-comic descriptions were given of the partially successful efforts of a young man to palm himself upon the lecture-going community as an officer of the United States Army, upon a furlough—as one that had participated in the late Modoc war, had received many bullet wounds, and had a trunk full of relics of the “lava beds” on its way to Boston, which unfortunately, never seemed to reach its destination. His fortunes, or misfortunes in this Indian raid, either by his own hand or that of some friend, had been woven into a sort of lecture, to which a number of lyceum audiences had listened with more or less patience. To give color to his military rank, and to the stories of gifts of swords which he had received from his West Point classmates on the eve of his starting for the plains (but which, unfortunately, were in that particular trunk—that never reached the station), an excellent Methodist clothier was permitted to fit him out in a gay and gilded, but incongruous soldier suit.

The pseudo lieutenant introduced himself as a church member to the minister and laity of a conspicuous Church in this city, and by his artless confidences, and earnest religious professions, secured for himself a warm place in their sympathies, and practical aid in his plans for a livelihood. Settling down, by advice, into the life of a lecturer, he found board in a Christian family, in an adjoining town, spent money freely, won many friends, told amazing stories, and was evidently taking the preliminary steps to set up a domestic establishment of his own. But, in an unexpected moment, the swollen bubble burst—not a moment, however, too soon for the pockets of some, the peace of others, and the safety of the young Indian slayer himself.

Now we are well acquainted with this “Modoc,” and propose to take him as a text for a very short discourse upon a class of persons (and not a small one) which he represents. He is a child of Christian parents; passed his youth in an indulgent, religious home; has been, from his earliest years, a Sunday-school scholar, an attendant upon the worship of the house of God, and has, from time to time, manifested much personal interest in these services, connecting himself with the Church, and taking a conspicuous position in social meetings. He had considerable rudimentary education, but quite early went into a store as a clerk. He is weak, easily influenced, never frank, but always plausible, impulsive, vain to a marvelous degree, deceitful, with scarcely any susceptibility to shame, or to pain of conscience upon wrong doing, although demonstrative enough, and overwhelmed with tears, and broken down with regrets, when discovered in a crime and threatened with punishment.

He began a life of deceit, false pretenses, and petty thieving, almost as soon as the opportunities opened for their practice. No mind can imagine the anxieties and troubles that his youthful crimes brought upon his parents. For a long period—unfortunately for him, undoubtedly—his vicious acts were permitted to pass without legal notice. The eminent respectability of his father, and the freshest of tears and flood of promises of the boy, secured a condonation of his crimes. Intelligent friends, high in social position, and with many opportunities at their disposal, such as few young men have, and which any might envy, interested themselves in his behalf. Probably during all his life, from quite early years, he has hardly resisted a temptation to appropriate what he could lay his hands upon that he wished, and only, for very limited periods, has he done any justice to the kindness and money lavished upon him. There is scarcely a friend of his father's, in any place, where he has had a home, that has not had some reminder of the dreadful weakness or incorrigible vice of this unhappy young man. If his own statements are true, he was married before he was eighteen, and without the interposition of death he has been married, and made attempts in that direction, several times since! Whatever, however, depends upon his own statements alone, can never be relied upon.

He was received from the Penitentiary into the House of Refuge at New York, and remained connected with it for about two years. He yielded ready and cheerful obedience to all the requisitions of the House, was easily managed, full of good impulses and promises, learned a trade, and for some little time afterwards worked in the institution shop while he boarded across the water in the city. His first acts, after being honorably discharged from the Refuge, were to join the Church, and to marry a very young, weak woman, who had been a widow for the space of one week! Since that period he has gradually returned to his old life, preying upon the credulity of the community.

Now, what is to be done in such a case? He had a good home, good schools, good opportunities, and good

religious instructions. When he fell into temptation he was raised up, forgiven, and encouraged. Nothing has been done to depress him, but everything to aid and inspire him. In our experience with young criminals, for the last twenty years, we have known of many such cases, few quite as weak, but very many upon whom parental love and piety have been lavished in vain. We have had a theory, that in the earliest years, when these tendencies are first manifested, by constant and wise culture, with the divine blessing, they may be largely cured, and a dormant conscience and a weak executive will may be developed and strengthened. But when this period is passed, and these habits have become confirmed, the cure becomes well nigh an impossibility. What shall be done in such a case? They ought not to be at large.

Think of the expense to the community of this young man! He lives well, dresses well, but, like the lilies of the field, he neither toils nor spins. He must appropriate some other person's property. Think of the domestic and social wretchedness that he may occasion! Think of his own present and eternal ruin! And can society afford to permit him to go on in this way? To arrest, and try him, and send him to jail, every few months, is an expensive and miserable process. He is as verily an insane person, morally, as hundreds are mentally, who are now the involuntary inmates of hospitals. The State should make provision for these unhappy youths, adapted to their condition. They must be restrained of their liberty, with trial from time to time of any apparent strengthening of character, and enjoy opportunities for remunerative labor, for their own behoof, or in aid of friends. Why should this young man, and a score of others that we could mention, be permitted thus deliberately to go on to certain ruin, in this insane way, injuring the community in every possible form, and dragging many others down with them to destruction? What a mercy it would be, all round, to his family, to himself, to the community, if this young “Modoc” could be placed in a comfortable retreat, with a suitable workshop; and thus earn his living without stealing, have something to give in charity, enjoy an undisturbed privilege of cultivating his better sentiments, and save his victims, male and female, from the certain injury that will accrue to them if he remains at large. From time to time he might be, under proper surveillance, permitted to enter normal life afresh, to be returned again to the work house if he still remains the helpless victim of his appetites. The worst use that society can make of him, is to let him steal, and then send him to the penitentiary. It is the poorest of all economy.

POPE AND EMPEROR.

One of the most remarkable productions of recent foreign literature is the letter of the Pope to the German Emperor. It is the first time that such language has been addressed to a descendant of Frederick the Great. But the arrogant words of Papal assumption were most victoriously answered by the practical and urbane reply of the sovereign. Without for a moment abandoning the tone of good breeding, the Imperial correspondent first perfumes with the reproach of error the flower that he holds under the infallible nostrils, and therewith he gained the victory. Later history will certainly distinguish the Emperor as the Prince of Lorraine letter writers, and remember his energetic despatches from the field of battle, giving to God the glory of his victories; and finally, his famous announcements from the chosen palace of his foe, establishing a vast empire of his own, and dictating the terms of peace to the invaders of their own soil.

The letter of the Pontiff, like nearly everything that he has written of late years, is the broadest anachronism. He totally ignores the independent position of Protestantism, and indeed the very existence of Christianity outside of Romanism. But with the simple allusion to his own faith, the Emperor, as a genuine Protestant, rejects the papal claim to authority over all Christians as an illusion, and gives the Pontiff to understand that for him the truth is a very different one from that found at Rome. It was rather an ingenious idea of the Pope in his intercourse with a Protestant, to ignore the existence of his creed. It must be gratifying to the German nation to have at last a man at its head who ascribes to the Reformation, which the Pope would ignore, that intellectual deliverance which it feels in itself, and causes to be felt without.

Plus the Ninth expresses the opinion that the Prussian King cannot sanction the anti-clerical policy of his government, especially as he must be aware that it will finally be dangerous to his throne. This process of argument is again ancient in the last degree; it is the diplomacy of the Romish Curia, as practiced with effect at the courts of absolute monarchs of the seventeenth century, where here and there ministers of State ruled as autocrats until the intrigue of opponents was successful in overthrowing them, and restoring the power to the hands of an enfeebled prince. Indulging in such fancies, the reminiscences of other days retained in the Vatican, like the costumes and ceremonies of the past, the more than sanguine old man considers possible a separation of the ruler from his government, and the recall of sanctioned laws by his mere royal will.

But as the king referred to the fundamental doctrine of his creed, so he might have alluded to the quite as well

understood constitutional quality of his State, whereby no act of government is legal without the sanction of its ruler. The whole assumption of the Papal appeal thus vanishes into nothing, from the fact that it rests on a false foundation. The Pope pretends, at least, that he is otherwise informed; but he has since certainly learned very emphatically that he was mistaken, when Bismarck, whom he regards as the source of all his woes, and the real cause of all his troubles, resumed the reins of government at the express request of the King of Prussia, and the very reply of the latter foreshadowed the policy since adopted.

The letter is a genuine exponent of the Protestant faith, and in its powerful points an energetic protest of the modern State against the aggressions of hierarchical powers. The King declares himself obligated and prepared to protect the peace, order, and law of the State against every assumption and attack; and it is this assurance of the King that has gained him the applause, not only of the Protestant world, but of the really loyal Catholics of Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and Italy, who feel that the State has greater claims on them than a hierarchical ruler in a distant land. And it has also strengthened and encouraged the hearts of patriotic Catholics of Prussia, in the fear-ful performance of their duties to their country and their State government.

And again, the publication of this royal letter places the Ultramontane party in the unpleasant category of an opponent, not only to the State and its laws, but also to the personal position of the monarch; for King William gives his emphatic personal sanction, not only to the bills laid before him by his ministers, but also to the incentives to their creation in the midst of violent parliamentary opposition by the clerical faction, in calling the attention of the Pope to the formation of a party of the centre, some two years ago, whose very existence is based on ecclesiastical opposition to his rule. And these gentlemen of the centre—these ultra-conservative Ultramontanes may thank their master, the Pope, for the public censure thus ingeniously and ingeniously administered.

In short, as letter writers, we think there is no comparison between Pope and Kaiser, and we advise the Pontiff in future to desist from this sort of practice; and if it be true, as asserted, that he has written another epistle, it is truly charity in the Emperor to consider it private.

NEW JERSEY CORRESPONDENCE.

JERSEY CITY.

My first letter will be about Methodism in the northern portion of the State, in Jersey City, chiefly; the second will embrace Newark; and the third the cities and large towns adjacent.

One prefatory word. The territory of which I am to write, is the site of the metropolis of the future of a great city, yet unnamed, whose diameter shall be, in length, five and twenty miles—from Morristown on the west, to the Hudson River on the east, and from Hackensack on the north, to Elizabeth on the south, embracing the present cities and towns of Hackensack, Englewood, Paterson, Passaic, Rutherford Park, Bloomfield, Montclair, Orange, Millburn, Summit, Madison, Morristown, Belleville, Newark, Elizabeth, Westfield, Plainfield, Bayonne, Hoboken and Jersey City, besides innumerable smaller towns and villages.

The difficulties of rapid transit in New York and Brooklyn limit the growth of those great cities; while the facilities of rapid transit in New Jersey, its variety of scenery, and its healthfulness, are the causes of its unparalleled development. Steam-cars have outstripped horse-cars in the race for patronage, and Northern New Jersey is one net-work of railroads. Why, this writer can stand on the steps of the church in which he preaches, in Jersey City, and count ten railroads diverging from the ferries at his feet, and running in every westerly direction for indefinite distances—some of them, with their connections, forming unbroken lines of steel till they touch the waters of the Pacific Ocean—which has not yet been bridged or tunneled.

Business is fast crowding out all residences in lower New York, and the crowded-out people, unwilling to hold fast to a strap in a horse-car for an hour, to reach, say 45th Street, prefer to ride in a comfortable steam-car twenty minutes to Newark or Elizabeth, or an hour to Plainfield or Morristown. Hence the city of the future. For the writer's authority in the foregoing sanguine prophecy, vide Governor Parker's late address at the reception of the New York Militia in Jersey City. It will be a city, not of business, but of residences—hence, of churches. Therefore, the status, growth, and prospects of Methodism in that territory must be of interest to the many who labor for God in that communion.

The Jersey City of to-day is not the Jersey City which some of you readers knew ten or twenty years ago; nor is it the city which those of us will know who shall live to visit it ten or twenty years to come. In addition to its former domain, it embraces now what was then known as Hudson City, Waverly, Washington Village, Bergen, Greenville, etc., besides a large territory which was nameless because uninhabited.

The cities of Bayonne on the south, and Hoboken on the east, will be annexed probably within a year. The extreme length of the city now is, from north to south, five miles, and from east to west—from the Hudson to the

Hackensack River—three miles. The population is about 135,000.

Formerly, Newark was the largest city in the State, but Jersey City is now far larger in area, and slightly larger in population. In Jersey City, Methodism has, at this date, fourteen churches. Here followeth brief mention of these:—

1. *Trinity*, the mother of us all, stands as of old—the old bricks, on the old site, in York Street. Full many healthy offspring has she borne, nor is she barren yet. Even to-day a good company of consecrated men stand at her altars, with hand and heart and purse. Memory recalls the voices that have “given no uncertain sound” within her walls, in the years behind us. There your Bishop Wiley (we used to know and love him as our Dr. Wiley) was twice pastor, and to this day his name is as “ointment poured forth” in our churches. There Corbett once thundered. There Monroe once pleaded, and, after his long travels in his Church Extension work, he came back to this city to meet his violent death. There Drs. Crane and Whitney taught. There Dashiell drew multitudes to Christ by a resistless eloquence; and there, doubtless, he developed much of that talent so useful to him now, which crowns him, in a rare grand sense, the very “prince of beggars.” There fought the doughty Madison until he fell. And there, for the three years just passed, the golden-voiced Bartine has preached, of whom more anon. Old Trinity flourishes now under the enthusiastic preaching of the Rev. John Atkinson. Its membership is 230; its property valued at \$24,000; and it paid last year \$3,000 salary.

2. *St. Paul's* is situated in South Sixth Street, in a densely populated portion of the city. It is a great success—always a great success. Under successive pastorate, it is ever crowded to its utmost capacity. This writer has heard it said that every other man you jostled against in Washington Market, belongs to St. Paul's; but he considers that an exaggeration, decidedly. Rev. D. R. Lowry is the present pastor, and St. Paul's was never more prosperous, Mr. L. being one of the very few men who possess that rare union of four generally antipathetic qualities—he is popular, pious, pungent and pathetic, all four. Membership of St. Paul's 500.

3. *Hedding Church*, on Montgomery Street, is prosperous under the second pastorate of its founder, Rev. R. B. Yard. Its membership is 295. Its pastor is indeed a “brother beloved” among us, having “the head of a man, the heart of a woman, and the voice of an angel.”

4. *Centenary Church* is young, the basement only being completed. Its financial burdens have been heavy, but they were bravely borne, and are becoming lighter. Rev. E. W. Burr (Wesleyan Class of '60) is pastor—scholarly, genial, devout. Membership 186.

5. *Emory Church* stands in Old Bergen, surrounded by a thrifty population. Only the chapel is yet erected; yet what a chapel! Handsomely furnished and gorgeously frescoed, with a fountain in the centre, and with sliding doors that will throw many rooms into one, or divide one room into many. It is worthy of a visit. Rev. Dr. S. Van Benschoten is the suave and successful pastor. (By the way, he is a brother of the famous “Greek Professor” at Middletown, at thought of whom this writer seems to hear again the fatal word of yore, “next,” and trembles.)

6. *Lafayette* is a great-hearted and large-handed little church. They will build larger by and by. Rev. A. H. Tuttle (Wesleyan Class of '66) is pastor, and has just returned from Europe, and had an enthusiastic welcome. This Church sends all her pastors across the sea. Everybody hopes the Bishop will station him at Lafayette.

7. *Simpson Church*, the mother of all the churches on the hill, has sent off so many colonies that she feels her loss. Yet she makes good every loss with new gains. Rev. Wm. Tunison (Wesleyan Class of '46) is reuniting at the Simpson the successes of many former pastorate. When you pass through the Erie Tunnel, you go almost directly under Simpson Church.

8. *West End Church* is not so aristocratic as its name might indicate to a stranger; yet it is a working Church in good earnest, and in these days blessed with a powerful revival. Here Mrs. Crane, better known by her maiden name of Laura Boyden, belongs and labors. Rev. T. H. Jacobus stands steadily at the helm.

9. *Palisade Church*, on the heights, in the northern part of the city, is prosperous. Rev. George Winsor, as witty as wise, is pastor.

10. *James Church*, Rev. J. F. Dodd, pastor—a big little man and a big little Church.

11. *West Side Avenue* is a new and very handsome church, built largely by real estate speculators. The pastor, Rev. H. M. Simpson (Wesleyan Class of '60), has worked like a beaver, and won. Such work always wins success. 12. *Greenville* is an old Church, which now-a-days is renewing its youth. Rev. C. R. Barnes is pastor. This writer likes him so well that he dare not write an adjective before his name.

13. *Porter's Chapel* is a new enterprise, that is likely to live long enough to be very old.

14. *Waverly Church* is placed last, though she is not the least among her sisters. But this writer loves her so, and she is so very, very good to him, that he could not, for the life of him, judge her impartially. Her pastor's

name is not worthy of being written in the same letter with the great names already recorded. She is very grateful to Boston, Welfleet, or somewhere down East, for sending her a first-rate superintendent—E. Hamblen, esq. Her Sunday-school numbers 550 children, and is, with perhaps one exception, the largest in the city. The generosity of one man, Mr. Wm. H. Wood, erected her beautiful temple.

Thus I have scribbled hurriedly about the Jersey City churches. Their total membership is 2,475—their total valuation \$310,500—their aggregate salaries \$25,000 (besides house rent).

Thus it will be seen that Jersey City has no great churches, but many good churches—churches that are built for to-morrow. Relatively, Methodism is probably twice as influential, and her numbers increase twice as rapidly as any other Protestant denomination in the city. Do not forget that large portions of this territory are comparatively newly settled. Twenty years from now, remember and look at Methodism in Jersey City (where will we workers be then?), and you may say, gratefully recalling what it was, “surely, they did well, in the former days, in laying broad foundations. Behold the superstructure! It reacheth to the heavens.”

A. J. PALMER.

ZION'S HERALD free for the balance of the year to ALL NEW subscribers. On receipt of \$2.50 the subscription will be marked paid to Jan. 1, 1875.

Those who wish to secure our beautiful *Tinted Lithograph*, can do so by paying 50 cents in addition to their subscription. (See advertisement in another column.)

We sincerely hope that every pastor will present the HERALD to his Church and people at once; and if he cannot attend to the details, secure some one to canvass for him. October and November are the best months to obtain new names and collect renewals. The Lithograph is now ready for delivery, and will be mailed to old and new subscribers as soon as the requisite amount is received. Forwarded by mail free of expense.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

The approaching Fair to be held in Music Hall, December 8th, in aid of the new Home for working women, now erecting on Warren Street by the Young Women's Christian Association, is engaging the hearts and hands of large numbers in our city and adjoining towns. Our own churches, as well as those of various other denominations, are laboring to do their part in this truly benevolent and Christian work. It can be only those ignorant of the importance and value in our community of such a sheltering home for those who are, for the most part, strangers and comparatively friendless, supporting themselves by daily work of some kind, who can fail to be interested in, and ready to aid this undertaking in some way, either as contributors or purchasers. We beg all to secure to themselves the satisfaction, while looking upon that noble building, of feeling that they, at least, helped to place some of the bricks in its walls. Many a young girl who, for this kind provision, would be, comparatively speaking, homeless and lonely, will silently bless the unknown benefactors whose thoughtful efforts secured for her so safe and happy a resting-place.

This is not a charitable institution. It is a boarding-house, where as moderate charges are made as possible, consistent with meeting current expenses; but, in addition to this, it is designed to be, in every sense of the word, a Christian Home. Many other things are embraced in the work of this Association, such as an employment office, classes for instruction, etc., which it is hoped to carry out more fully than heretofore, with the advantage of larger accommodations.

All who are willing to offer articles of their own special trades, or who will furnish provisions of any kind for the refreshment table, are requested to send word as soon as possible to 27 Beach Street.

The following admirable course of lectures for the current year, has been arranged for Drew Theological Seminary. The topics selected are all of prime importance, and have, many of them, special interest at the present time. Those who are permitted to enjoy them are certainly to be congratulated.

The Scriptures will be the title of the first series. Wednesday, Nov. 29th, Rev. J. Cummins, D. D.; subject, “Bible Theory of Civil Government.” Monday, Dec. 10th, and Wednesday, Dec. 12th, Chancellor A. Winchell, L. L. D.; subject, “Doctrine of Evolution—its Bearing on Christian Theism.” Bishop R. S. Foster; subject, “Our Church in Europe and South America.” Wednesday, Jan. 14th, Rev. D. Curry, D. D.; subject, “Protestant Doctrine of Justification.” Wednesday, Feb. 11th, Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D.; subject, “The People's Pastor.” Wednesday, March 4th, Rev. R. L. Dashiell, D. D.; subject, “Our Theological Schools as Related to Christian Missions.” Wednesday, March 25th, and Thursday, March 26th, Rev. L. D. McCabe, D. D.; subject, “Relations of Obedience to Final Reward.” Wednesday, April 8th, Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D.; subject, “Philosophy of the Sunday-school.” Thursday, April 30th, Rev. John Hall, D. D.; subject, “Preaching—its Manner and Matter.”

The Presiding Elders of the Troy Conference have united in a circular, inviting ministers and laymen of all branches of Methodism in the United States and British America, to participate in a camp-meeting, to be continued for two weeks, and to be held upon their fine grounds (by invitation, and with the co-operation) of the Trustees of the Round Lake Camp-meeting Association. All our Bishops, with the exception of Bishop Morris, whose health forbids his personal participation in the proposed protracted feast of love, unite in the following response to the above circular:—

New York, Nov. 13, 1873.

To the Presiding Elders of Troy Conference:—
DEAR BRETHREN:—We have received your invitation to attend a camp-meeting, appointed by yourselves, to be held at Round Lake in July, 1874, to which you propose to invite the ministers and members of all the branches of Methodism in America. We concur in this invitation. There is but one Methodism in the world. All churches that have assumed that name hold to everything essential in Christian faith and practice. There is no sufficient reason, therefore, why fraternal relations and good fellowship should not prevail among them.

We trust, therefore, that this proposed meeting will promote concord and love in the great Methodist family, as well as save a multitude of souls for whom Jesus died. If his Providence permits, we will do ourselves the pleasure to attend the meeting, and aid as much as we may be able in securing its great objects, the welfare of the Church, and the glory of God.

An additional response has been made by a number of official representative men of the Church, as follows:—

To the Presiding Elders of Troy Conference:—
DEAR BRETHREN:—We, the undersigned, cordially accept your kind invitation to attend the camp-meeting next July, at Round Lake, and heartily approve the proposed meeting of all the branches of the Methodist family, and trust a cordial response will be given, and that the meeting will be crowned with the divine approval, and be made instrumental in the “spread of Scriptural holiness through these lands.”

The gathering will undoubtedly be a large and remarkable one every way. General prayer may make it a Pentecost. It occurs before the leading camp-meetings are held, and will happily prepare the way for them. The announcements are thus early made to prevent a conflict of dates, and to give opportunity for all to arrange their business and professional engagements so as to be enabled to enjoy this great feast of tabernacles.

The magazines for the month preserve remarkably their distinctive character; so that they are distinguishable by their contents as readily as by their mechanical execution.

Harpers' Monthly is the great popular serial, abounding in illustrated articles, humorous and serious, with a wonderful miscellany of mingled story, history, biography and science. It has the most accomplished editor in the country, and has reached the enormous circulation of 135,000.

The Atlantic Monthly represents the Boston type of free thought in literature, and enjoys a very enviable reputation among British readers. It passes, with its present issue, into the hands of Hurd, Houghton & Co. of the Riverside press, but without change in its editorial supervision or literary tone. The present number is composed of pieces of lighter weight than usual, but not less interesting.

Scribner bears the marks of liberal expenditure in its mechanical departments and contributions. It is positively evangelical; has lately had some particularly fine illustrated papers; always one or more thoughtful religious contributions; some of the best story tellers write for it; and its editor is a genial, independent, facile Christian writer, long familiar with the pen and with the demands of the popular taste.

The Popular Science Monthly has now reached its twentieth number, and has secured a wide patronage. It is published in the most generous manner, and always has its pages crowded with an interesting variety of papers, illustrating some topic of social science, some new phase of scientific investigation or discovery, or some physiological or sanitary problem. It is a very valuable magazine. The only fly in the ointment is the sometimes manifest leaning towards materialism in discussions involving the relation of modern science to revealed religion.

Lippincott's Magazine is the handsomest of the list mechanically, and it is becoming more and more interesting and thoughtful in its contents. Its papers are entertaining and well distributed, as to topics of present interest, showing the skill of its editor. Its new November still lingers into December, and is equally droll in its letter press and pictorial illustrations.

Old and New is the incarnation of Rev. Edward E. Hale. It is fresh, and up to the latest date upon every topic. It is as solid as the solidest, as lively as the witliest, has its religious and philosophical articles, is a Christian of the “liberal” order, and has a critical word to say upon about everything that is done or published.

The Galaxy is not *generis*. Its special feature is its original political article by some leading statesman, like the papers of Gideon Welles upon C. F. Adams' estimate of the late W. H. Seward, running now like a serial through its monthly issues. Besides its semi-political papers, it has usually the largest variety of short stories, and several continued novels.

The Ladies Repository raises its very modest face from beneath its heavier sisters. It looks like a Methodist publication—a modest female disciple in a very plain bonnet, and with quite ordinary robes. Its editor is a genius and a poet; it has a good list of contributors. If its pages could be made, in some way, to look more inviting, it would undoubtedly attract a great many more readers than it now has. What a nice thing it would be to have a first-class family magazine, illustrating the progress of the denomination in taste, in the mechanical arts involved in publishing, and in the highest types of Christian literature.

The Standard tells with its title its object and the character of its contents. It has, in every number, very valuable papers upon hygienic topics and upon practical experiment in social economy affecting health, mental and physical. It is a valuable and well-considered serial.

We have read with great satisfaction *The Independent* of last week, the admirable paper of Hon. A. M. Kelley, Mayor of Richmond, Va., upon the relation of the Catholic Church and people to the prevailing system of public education in this country. We can only hope that he is a representative man, with as large a following in his own Church (hundreds of thousands, he says) as he believes he has. Mayor Kelley is a devoted Catholic; but he is, also, a patriot and an intelligent Christian man. At the late Roman Catholic Convention held at St. Louis, during which the bitter denunciation of the public schools occurred, as reported by the press generally, and in which Father Phelan and several other priests took the most radical ground against them, Mayor Kelley made a manly and calm defense of the system. In this article he presents, in a particularly clear and forcible form, his reasons for sustaining the public schools. He affirms, first of all, that it is now administered, our government is the freest and happiest on the earth, and that under it his Church is to-day more independent, more secure, more grounded, more fruitful of promise, more vigorous and prosperous than in the oldest Catholic nations of Christendom. For himself and his friends he affirms this truly American doctrine:—

“I say that the imparting of sound, useful and exclusively secular knowledge by teachers of suitable acquirements, skill, and character, chosen moderately by the people, and paid for out of the public treasury, is, under the conditions prevailing in the United States, a wise, beneficent, and just system, and impugns no right of conscience.”

He turns the tables upon the Roman priests who denounce the schools as inimical to the Church, and as the fruitful source of the frauds and crimes of the day, by asking them what have been the fruits of “a peculiarly clerical control of education as exhibited to-day before the gaze of the world.” He asks, pertinently:—

“Who are they who are plundering convents and monasteries in Mexico, the South American republics, Spain, and Italy? Who are they that are confiscating the possessions of the Church in all these States? Who are they who have torn from the trembling hands of the Ninth the patrimony of the poor, and crowded his declining days with sorrows? Who are they whose godlessness and license and persecutions have evoked the bitterest remembrance and reproach at the hands of the Head of the Church on Earth? Not Protestants, or the product of the public school; but Catholics, trained for much the larger part in schools exclusively under the control of Catholic priests or members of Catholic religious orders.”

The whole paper is a fine specimen of nervous, *ad hominem* reasoning, which we hope may prove to some Romanists at least, and to all hesitating Protestants, an “eye-opener.”

We have only space to announce the principal papers of the quarterlies and monthlies now piled upon our table. *The Bibliotheca Sacra* always opens with a substantial intellectual feast. It has for its last quarter in the present year nine chapters—on prayer, harmonizing law and providence; a judicious criticism of “Pain's English Literature”; a strong tract by Dr. Hickok on Temptation on excuse for Transgression; Professor Mead writes a very interesting article upon the site of Elijah's sacrifice; Dr. Park continues his valuable lecture upon preaching, considering in this number the structure of the sermon; Dr. Cowles harmonizes sin and sorrow with divine love in the universe; Dr. Thompson contributes notes on Egyptology; and excellent critical notices conclude the chapters.

The New Englander also opens with the prayer problem. Mr. Tyndall's challenge has certainly proved a blessing in disguise. Modern Science, as we have seen again, in the second paper, upon the later physical discoveries and their limitations. Dr. Patton, of New Haven, presents the Congregational view of ministerial ordination. Rev. Mr. McFarland shows what the Woman's Foreign Mission is already accomplishing in Oriental Zanzibar. Our popular New England Bible Secretary earnestly advocates a graceful, earnest, extemporaneous delivery of discourses. Rev. Mr. Twining urges the making of a feast, and a manifest regeneration by the Holy Spirit, rather than a doctrinal creed, the test of Church membership. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, of Harvard College, has an excellent article upon the study of words; Dr. Tarbox a fine antiquarian paper upon the Stockpile House, Boston; and Prof. Wynn an interesting contribution upon the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The critical notices are already well concluded.

The Baptist Quarterly gives a fresh biographical sketch of the great Italian reformer, Savonarola; Dr. Champlin discusses the problem of free trade and protection, with a strong leaning to the former. Rev. Mr. Goodnow treats of the resurrection of Christ; Rev. Mr. Haigh, the relation of prayer to pastoral efficiency; Dr. Hackett interprets, by an exhaustive exegesis of the Scripture record, the transfiguration of Christ; Rev. Mr. Wain considers the political responsibility of the Christian citizen; Dr. Moore on Schools, and foreign missions; and Dr. Fausse, Paul as an argument for Christianity.

One of the best, as well as the handsomest, gifts for the season, that we have thus far seen, is “Songs for the Soul, gathered out of Many Lands and Ages,” by Samuel Treasus Prime, D. D., editor of the *New York Observer*. It is a small but stout quarto of 660 pages, published on calendar and tinted paper, by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, and for sale in Boston by Gould and Lincoln. This very attractive volume, mechanically, is equally inviting as its pages are opened. It is a rare collection, by a loving and expert hand, of the choicest “hymns of the ages,” ranging from the earliest Christian centuries to the present day. The work has been the soothing recreation of a very busy public life, on the part of its accomplished compiler, whose expressive “counterfeit presentment,” engraved on steel, the volume bears. “The work has been,” he says with characteristic simplicity, “a great delight to me, and it has brought itself its own reward; but I say soul,” he adds, “I touched and drawn to a higher life, my wrecked heart lifted up and strengthened, it will be to me an unspeakable joy.” The volume can hardly fall of affording such an inspiration. It will be one of the mementoes of friendship that will be sure to be well and often read.

Our Sunday-school Department has been an important feature of the paper for the past year. We shall make it even more valuable, in this respect, next year. Our paper will contain a full, original exposition of the Berean Series of Lessons, by Dr. Barrows, and, in addition, carefully prepared questions upon the lessons will be appended. The “seed thoughts” of the past year, have attracted much attention. These will be embodied in the lesson queries for each week, so that the most thorough, suggestive, and exhaustive analysis of the Scripture allotted to the Sabbath, will be secured. Not a few of our best instructors, in some of our leading Sunday-schools, use this preparation of questions and commentary, solely, in their classes. As we publish the lessons two weeks in advance, an abundance of time is given to teachers and scholars. A minister, the other day, received six or eight subscriptions immediately upon stating these facts in his Sunday-school, and he writes that more will be at once forthcoming. Will our ministerial brethren please give these facts their “godly consideration.”

We have received catalogues, for which we thank the donors, from *Dartmouth College*, with its total of 420 students, and in the enjoyment of great prosperity; the *Maine State College*, under Dr. Charles F. Allen, about the most successful agricultural school in the country, with 103 students and a large and talented faculty; of the *Vermont Methodist Seminary and Female College*, at the head of which is our vigorous and eloquent principal, Rev. J. C. W. Coxe, with an average quarterly attendance of 150, and an aggregate of 507 for the year. The seminary never was more prosperous, or doing better work; and last, but far from least, of the *Fort Edward Collegiate Institute*, where Dr. Joseph E. King, a finished educator and a marvelous manager, presides over one of the most successful academic institutions in the country. His average attendance of students by term is 250. All portions of the country, and Cuba? are represented in their number.

We are indebted to President Miner for a copy of the Catalogue of Tufts College for

We are entirely unprejudiced by musical training or by a natural taste in noticing new text-books of this character! We only know when a tune pleases us; and alas! when it does not. In church music we pass for a desperate "old fogey," being particularly fond of congregational singing, and of the famous old tunes that have been sung down the ages. We cannot form, therefore, a very reliable judgment upon any new book; but we have heard Mrs. J. F. Knapp, of Williamsburg, sing and play upon her house organ, and have listened to her trained bands of Sunday-school musicians; so that we unhesitatingly recommend her musical works, as sure to be marked with good taste and to be of a high order of excellence. Nelson and Phillips have just issued for the use of Sunday-schools a new volume of S. S. Songs, with her name and Dr. Vincent's associated together in the preparation of the work. It is entitled "Bible School Songs." It has a large number of fine hymns in addition to those connected with the music. Some of Mrs. Knapp's compositions are of marked excellence.

The most valuable missionary periodical that comes to our office is the *Missionary Herald*, the venerable organ of the "American Board." It enters with the next number upon its seventeenth volume. It not only gives a complete view of the progress of the work over the wide field cultivated by the Board, but it gathers valuable geographical and scientific information from the pens of its scholarly agents in all parts of the world, and a general summary of religious intelligence. Its maps and pictorial illustrations are very valuable. The December number has a rich miscellany of incident, argument and missionary information from all quarters of the globe. It is furnished for one dollar a year—about its actual cost.

The second number of Rev. Lyman Abbott's Commentary upon the New Testament, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, has been issued, embracing Matthew from the seventh to the eighth chapter. This is a very full, conservative, and suggestive annotation of the New Testament, prepared especially for Bible class scholars, showing a wide reading of modern critical writers upon the Bible, and excellent judgment in the use of abundant materials. The numbers are 25 cents each, and are sent by mail.

The re-publication of foreign quarterly by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company is one of the most valuable services rendered to the reading public. They give monthly or quarterly very important phase of British thinking, at a very moderate price. The conservative, the radical, the liberal, and the evangelical opinions of the hour, are all represented in the London Quarterly. Blackwood's Magazine, Westminster Review, and Edinburgh Review. A full descriptive advertisement, in another column, sets forth the liberal prices of the company for one or all of their publications.

Vick's Floral Guide for January, 1878, is already published. It is now issued quarterly, at twenty-five cents a year; gratuitously, when a purchase of seeds, to the amount of one dollar, is made of the proprietor, at Rochester, N. Y. The Guide is a gem of beauty, as to paper, print and illustration. It gives the freshest horticultural suggestions, and the fullest catalogue of seeds, flowers, house and garden implements and ornamental devices. The colored plate is fully worth the subscription price.

Dr. Townsend's new book, entitled *The Arena and the Throne*, is now out. It is a volume of the same size as *The Sword and the Garment*. An English edition is published simultaneously with the American. We have not had time to examine our copy, but the doctor's brilliant pen never lacks readers, nor needs recommendation. We shall place the volume upon our list of premiums at the same rate as Prof. Townsend's previous volumes.

We are sorry to learn that Dr. F. H. Newhall had a very serious attack last week, centering in his brain. Happily he has just completed his editorial work, and can readily yield to the imperative necessity of a long rest. At last accounts he was slightly improving.

Rev. Alfred Noon, of Ludlow, Mass., has a new lecture poem, entitled "Old Times and the New," which he has delivered to interested audiences. It is amusing, descriptive and moral. His terms are generous.

Revs. J. S. Inskip and Wm. McDonald commence a series of meetings at the Temple Street Church next Sabbath, continuing during the week.

We learn by a note from Fall River that the new parsonage of the First Methodist Church in that city, is now occupied. It is pronounced one of the nicest minister's homes in New England.

POSTPONEMENT.—The lecture on "Yesterday and To-day in Mexico," will be given in Tremont Temple on Wednesday evening, December 10, by Bishop Gilbert Haven, and not on the 3d, as before announced.

The next monthly meeting for the promotion of Holiness, for the accommodation of the people of Portland and vicinity, will be held in Biddeford, Monday, December 8th. Preaching at 2 P. M., and social meeting at 7. A. S. LADD.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—A Quarterly Meeting will be held Wednesday, December 10th, at 2 P. M., in Wesleyan Hall, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston. After the Quarterly Reports of Secretaries, addresses will be made by Mrs. Professor Lummis, Miss E. J. Barrows, and Miss Jennie M. Chapin. The latter is under appointment for the South America Mission, at Rosario.

All are invited to be present, whether members of the Society or otherwise. Young ladies will be specially welcome.

MRS. L. H. DAGGETT, Recording Secretary.

We clip from *The Wide Awake*, a handsome sheet published by the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lunenburg, the following:—

"The Methodist Church in Lunenburg, at the commencement of the present pastor's term of service, April 7, 1873, numbered 52 members and no probationers. Two have since been dismissed. It now numbers 63 members and 6 probationers, making the addition 19 in all. The Sabbath-school under the direction of A. O. Stratton, assisted by James L. Harrington, is flourishing. It has a membership of 160 scholars and teachers, and 80 pupils, making a total of 240. The library numbers 435 volumes, Herbert Mead, Librarian. The choir, under the lead of Thomas Young, dispenses excellent music. The congregation is good, especially at the morning service; social meetings interesting, attended chiefly by the young people, the older members mostly living at a distance from the church. No better class of young people can be found than in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Lunenburg."

An Important Discussion.—E. Beck with writes:—"Mr. Quimby, editor of *The Gospel Banner*, a Universalist paper, has offered \$500 for the proof that the Bible teaches endless punishment. A gentleman has taken up this challenge, and in a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages has demonstrated, from the admissions of its own advocates, that neither Christ, His apostles, or the early Christians were Universalists, but that Universalism, as a system of religion, is a very modern thing. The pamphlet demonstrates that wickedness makes a man liable to a state of endless guilt—that the Christ of Universalism and Restorationism can none of them be the Saviour of the world—that the advocates of those theories are quite unsettled as to what kind of a being their Christ is, what relations He holds to men, or what He does for men, as sinners. The writer shows that Universalism and Restorationism rejects the Christ of the Bible, and excludes the necessity of His salvation. It is also made to appear that, though its advocates have so changed their mode of preaching as to appear to preach the Christ, the regeneration, and the same religion as do the evangelical ministers, yet Universalism, as a system of religion, has not changed. See the notice of 'The Challenge Accepted,' in the *HERALD*, published by Bailey & Noyes, Portland, Me. Don't fail to read this pamphlet."

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.
Boston—Union Love-feast.—Pursuant to a custom of years' standing, a Union Love-feast was held on Thanksgiving Day, in the Bromfield Street Church, the venerable Father Merrill presiding. Despite the severely "raw" weather, a goodly company were present, thus testifying how they prize a meeting of this sort on this day. Beautiful singing, warm-hearted speaking, together with that over-ful spirit of Christian sympathy, affection, and gratitude, which all present evidently possessed, made the occasion one of more than usual pleasure and profit—notwithstanding "Mr. A's" opinion that "for any minister" to omit a sermon on Thanksgiving Day, and "take refuge in a social meeting for fear of empty pews" is a humiliating confession of inferiority." Several brethren were present who will doubtless receive the assurance of their cordiality and "inferiority" in the spirit of humble submission and with profound thankfulness, remembering the superior source from which it comes. However, it is more than probable that in spite of "Mr. A's" own view of the case, "the pernicious practice of devoting the Thanksgiving to union love-feasts and other meetings which are simply social in their character," will be continued for years to come.

Melrose.—We learn that a few Sabbath ago Rev. A. W. Mills, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, preached a sermon to the brethren. Last Saturday evening, November 23, at a supper given by the department, Mr. Mills was presented with a series of highly complimentary resolutions, executed in German text, and surrounded with an ornamental scroll. In the margin there is a representation of two horse carriages, and a hook and ladder carriage. At the top of the scroll there is a clergyman and a fireman shaking hands, and a representation of a fire. The design was executed with a steel pen, and is enclosed in an elegantly carved black-walnut frame. It is valued at \$50.

Zadlow.—Rev. A. Noon writes, November 20:—"We have been enjoying a season of refreshing. The Wesleyan Band has rendered efficient service. About thirty have been hopefully converted, and twenty-three joined the Church on probation since September 1st. The interest is still good."

A Word from Wilbraham.—The term at the Academy, just closed, has been most successful and interesting. Three hundred and twenty-three students, representing some half dozen nationalities, were in attendance; seven denominations were represented, the Orthodox sending 100 pupils to 150 from Methodist families, showing how largely unsectarian the school has become. Of the whole number of students about 100 are Christians.

The advancement in study in some departments has been of notable excellence, and could not be excelled by any school of similar grade in the land; and in all the departments the progress has been very satisfactory. The new catalogues are just out, and show that five prizes have been awarded to the list, by Hon. Edward F. Porter, Warren P. Adams, Esq., and Mrs. Sophia G. Bishop, of Boston, and Hon. Henry W. Phelps, of Springfield, and Bishop Haven, of Atlanta, making twelve in all.

There is one officer seldom noticed, but whose position is the most laborious of any official connected with the institution; it is our excellent steward, Brother Daggett, who has entered upon his tenth year of service as caterer for the hungry stomachs of future D.D.'s, M.D.'s, LL.D.'s, pedagogues, etc. Seven years of this term of service were at Kent's Hill, and this is his third here. Since he has held his present position he has not slept one night away from Wilbraham—on indication out of many, of his fidelity in discharging his duties.

Let me give you some items taken from his note-book last evening; they will show whether his position is a sinecure or not, and also what it takes to run this institution. It requires an expenditure of a thousand dollars a week. The students have consumed during the past term, three tons of sugar, two tons of butter, a quarter of a ton of coffee, six tons of beef, one ton of fresh fish, one hundred gallons of oysters, and 250 bushels of potatoes (not to mention other vegetables), 100 barrels of flour (and no finer bread is made in the country), 150 pounds of tea, and 25 gallons of milk a day. For cooking and heating purposes, 350 tons of coal and 200 cords of wood are consumed each year. To keep things clean and wholesome, requires 1,000 pounds of hard, and 20 barrels of soft soap per term. It requires 30 persons, male and female, to prepare the food (excellent food it is, too), and do the other work, in doors and out. Let any one run his eye over these figures, and then add to that the superintendence of the repairs and refitting of the dormitories during the vacations and term time, and say if the Steward is not the busiest and hardest worked man among us.

Another item of special interest must be mentioned, which is that over thirty students during the term were converted. The interest has been deep, but quiet, and as the weeks have rolled by, steadily increased. Fears were entertained that hard times might diminish the attendance next term; but the steward reports all the rooms engaged, which is a good omen. Dr. Cooke is himself again, and as busy as ever, and his corps of excellent instructors are doing their "level best" to bring it to Academy ahead with the best in the land in all its departments. While we may well feel proud of the present position of the school, let us not

relax our efforts till all are done that can be done to place it in the very front rank of similar institutions.

Last Tuesday evening the students held a delightful "interview" in Fisk Hall. The occasion was culminated for the first time with some fine orchestral music under the direction of our energetic instructor in music, Prof. Hastings. [Wednesday morning the stage was packed with happy students, or their way home to meet friends again, and enjoy the festivities of Thanksgiving.

The first Sunday of the next term is to be our missionary Sunday. Bishop Wiley is to spend the day with us, and preach the missionary sermon. This will be his first appearance in Wilbraham. In January Dr. Vincent is to pass a Sunday here, his first appearance likewise, and we are looking also for Dr. Tourjee. T. W. BISHOP.

PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

One of the best of the country appointments of our Conference is Phoenix. Few charges can show a more intelligent congregation. Gov. Howard and his family attend church here, and here his wife is a member. The Society is enjoying an excellent degree of prosperity under the pastoral care of Rev. H. D. Robinson.

The Fall term at the Seminary closed last week. On Wednesday evening Rev. Wm. R. Clark, D. D., of Boston, delivered a scholarly and eloquent lecture before the school and many of their friends on "The Heroism of True Scholarship." The closing portion of the term was distinguished by a great degree of religious interest among the students. We have reason to expect that this revival influence will continue into the next term.

The various Methodist Episcopal societies united in holding a Thanksgiving service at Trinity Church. An eloquent and exceedingly practical sermon suited to the times was preached by Rev. Dr. Whedon, from Deut. vii. 9. "The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself." He struck telling blows in behalf of much needed reforms, Woman's Suffrage included.

Attawapung, Conn.—Rev. W. W. Ellis writes: "The Lord is pouring out His Spirit here gloriously, and saving souls. Within the past few weeks some 33 have bowed at the altar of prayer, and still we expect the work will go on until scores of our fellow men are saved from the power of sin and Satan. To God be all the praise."

MAINE ITEMS.
The Hallowell Classical and Scientific school for boys and girls, established by the Maine Congregational churches, will open January 1st. It occupies an elevated site of eleven acres, with a fine outlook up and down the Kennebec River.

The Trustees of the State Reform School have elected Mr. W. G. Fairbanks, Esq., superintendent. Mr. F. is at present superintendent of the Reform School in Vermont.

The catalogue of Bates College, just issued, shows 19 Seniors, 18 Juniors, 33 Sophomores, and 24 Freshmen, making a total of 104. In the theological department are 18 students. The college is prospering.

Professor James B. Taylor, of Bowdoin College, has accepted the place of instructor in elocution and Latin at Chauncy Hall School, Boston.

We learn that a revival is in progress in the Congregational Church in Durham.

There is considerable interest in the Methodist and Congregational churches in Bridgton and South Bridgton.

We are informed that a stirring revival is in progress in the First Congregational Church in Wells. Rev. Mr. Woodhall, the pastor, is laboring most efficiently.

The Free Baptist Church in Biddeford have secured as their pastor, Rev. N. L. Rowell, of Manchester, N. H. Mr. R. is well spoken of, and this is no doubt an excellent appointment.

The good work of revival is progressing in Freeman and North Freeman.

Rev. Mr. Andrews, formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in Joy, has been called to the Baptist Church in Alfred.

A good religious interest prevails at Readfield Center. Several have been converted, and the Church greatly quickened. Rev. J. M. Hotchkiss, pastor of our Church at Kent's Hill, preaches there a part of the time.

The sudden death of Brother Helmershausen is deeply and painfully felt throughout the Maine, as well as the East Maine Conference. The noble tribute of the *HERALD's* editorial of November 20, speaks the sentiments of all who knew intimately our dear departed brother.

The first brick house in Detroit was erected in 1807. It was built by Benjamin Woodworth, brother of the author of the poem, the "Old Oaken Bucket," who still resides in that city.

Rev. Mr. Osgood, former pastor of the Congregational Church in Kennebunkport, Me., has accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Limington.

The Congregational Church in Waterville has been repaired and reopened for worship, at an expense of \$2,000. Rev. Mr. Cameron is the popular pastor of the prospering parish.

Rev. N. L. Rowell, from Massachusetts, has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Biddeford.

Rev. D. B. Sewall, former pastor of the Congregational Church in Fryeburg, has accepted a call to the Congregational Church in York.

Fryeburg.—Brother E. Weeks writes, that a donation of \$35 was given by Rev. M. W. How on the 20th inst., by his friends of this village. A generous collection was served at the house of Sister M. C. Millin, and speeches were made by friends who were present.

and were pleased to know that home talent is quite as successful as that which is imported at great expense from abroad.

The preachers on Rockland District will supply their own Quarterly Meeting for the third quarter, and will supply Brother Wardwell's pulpit the fourth quarter, while he takes the place of our lamented Brother Helmershausen. The sudden death of Brother H. has cast a gloom over all the Conference. No one can better do the work left unfinished on the district than Brother Wardwell.

East Maine Gospel.—This part of our work lies so far east, that we only catch a few beams from the sun as he moves westward, and, as a natural result, it is beginning to be quite cold. Indeed, reports from all around tell of good sleighing and all the "with its." A furious snow-storm on the 24th inst. delayed trains, marred up travel generally, and left a grand mantle of snow to hide a weary "waste of mud."

Good feed isn't altogether wanting this week. Just to make the mouths of some of your city preachers water, who are wondering where their Thanksgiving turkeys are coming from, and who are counting their scrip to see if they can buy one, let me tell you that the other day I bought four fat "gobblers," weighing when dressed, from 10 to 12 pounds each, and paid just one dollar apiece! Better than milk and honey, isn't it?

The schoolmaster must be abroad, for in a city in Eastern Maine, only a few days ago, as the people passed up its principal streets, they were thrown into grateful raptures at the sight of a newly-done "shingle," bearing this legend: "We defy Carson City or Placerville to beat it."

Waldoboro' was represented in my last. It seems that more has been done upon our Church property there than I supposed. They have expended one third as much as its original cost, and from the vestry to the steeple it has been put in first-class order. The thanks of the society are tendered to Captain Charles Comery for the gift of a fine-tuned set of a thousand pounds' weight, to John Peters, Esq., of Warren, for a handsome chandelier, and to W. H. Seiders, Esq., of Indianapolis, Ind., for an elegant pulpit chair. The Church was re-opened November 2d. Rev. W. W. Marsh, of Danvers, Ia., preached an excellent sermon, and the pastor, Rev. J. Collins, baptized two persons, and received them into the Society. Brother C. reports an increasing religious interest.

Friendship Methodists are rejoicing over their recently renovated church, and not to be blamed certainly. Your correspondent went down to its reopening. Rev. J. O. Knowles, of Rockland, preached the sermon. The church is really, as we overheard a good sister say, "about as pretty as it can be;" and these improvements and embellishments are exceedingly creditable to our people there, and to the energy of their pastor. Probably very many of the preachers in this Conference don't know what sort of a village this is. It lies away from any main line of travel, it is true, but it is one of the neatest and most thrifty-looking villages in Maine, and in this case appearances are not deceitful. I shall not dare to try and paint it, for fear it would set all the preachers squabbling for it; but will just say that there are more of these turkeys there.

A hint worth the taking is found in a bit of genuine Christian work by one of our preachers. He stood up in his Sabbath-school and called attention to the *HERALD*, and to its Sunday-school department, and just said, "I will take the names of those who wish to subscribe." He got eight new subscribers in three minutes. Could he have done more good, or made money any faster by marrying people?—Moral: If all our ministers would do the same thing, they could add 6,000 subscribers to the *HERALD* list "just as easy." Don't suck your fingers, brethren; but do it.

Union sends out good tidings. Rev. G. G. Winslow is pushing on revival work with increasing success. May it be abundant.

A very good move is that of the preachers on Rockland District, to take a collection in all their congregations, the sum thus secured to be presented to Sister E. A. Helmershausen as a testimonial to the work and efficient service of her lamented husband. It has been suggested that all the churches in the Conference would be glad to share in this matter. If this should catch the eye of any preacher or layman, and they should desire to take a collection, or make a donation, I am sure it would be gladly received. It could be forwarded to Rev. J. O. Knowles, Rockland, Me., with the name of the society or person sending it. Brother K. is authorized to act for the preachers of Rockland District, and will acknowledge in the *HERALD* the sums contributed to the fund.

Lecture courses are talked of by some of our churches. Should they be decided upon, Boston eloquence undoubtedly will be in demand. Oldtime, I hear, is going for the talkers, sure. Take your best lecture, brethren, and not your best coat.

A very important question to some who have long eyes, is heard quite often hereabouts, "Who'll the Bishop appoint to the District?" etc. Well, there is one thing to console us: the Bishop has genuine good sense, and will let those good brethren who long for the green pasture where the "long horse" feeds, say and browse where they are. At any rate, the most of us hope that when the appointment comes, it will be found to be "end 'well." (Before this, our brother has learned, doubtless, that the Bishop's word ends well.) SRO.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—The Methodist Episcopal Church in Winchester was re-dedicated the 19th inst. Rev. E. C. Bass preached the sermon from "They shall prosper that love thee." The discourse was highly appreciated by the audience. The house has been greatly improved by new windows and pulpit; the pews and gallery remodeled; the wall frescoed, floors carpeted, and everything freshly painted inside and outside. It is a credit to the society, and gives them a gem of a church. The pastor, Rev. A. C. Coult, has been persistent in his labors, and overcome many obstacles in making the improvement. The whole expense, \$1,400, was met before the dedication. Well done, Winchester.

In Bethlehem Rev. C. H. Smith, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been holding extra meetings, assisted by Revs. L. P. Cushman and G. C. Noyes. The members of the Church show signs of a richer experience in Christ, with a number of conversions, among them several heads of families. The summer boarders made Brother Smith a present of \$125.

A good religious interest prevails in Lexington. The Free Baptist Church, for some time past in a scattered and feeble condition, is to be re-organized.

The harvest-fields of Richmond, N. H., invite the laborers, where our young Brother Lovejoy has gathered many sheaves, and invites other laborers to help him.

The Fourth Methodist Episcopal Church in Lawrence has bought a lot on Haverhill Street, beyond Broadway, and are erecting a chapel at a cost of over \$4,000. Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D., has aided in developing the enterprise. It will make a promising society, and at their organization there will be a nucleus of active Methodist workers.

Pittsburg is the extreme northern town in the State, with no Church organization in the place heretofore. At present two Methodist Episcopal churches are being erected six miles apart. Next Spring the two societies will ask for one pastor. The town is located on the Connecticut River and Connecticut Lake. If you have a Boston preacher who wants a transfer to go a "fishing," here is a chance for him.

Rev. S. N. Brooks of London, has resigned his pastorate on account of feeble health.

Robert B. Hall, of the Andover Seminary, was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church in Wolfeborough on the 13th inst.

The Belknap quarterly meeting at Alton resolved that such games as "Grab Bag," "Fish Pond," "Ring Cake" and "Love among the Roses" are contrary to the law of the land, the Free Will Baptist tenets and the Bible, and advises all Christian people to abstain from them.

Rev. Andrew Mitchell was installed pastor of the Baptist Society at Chester on the 6th ult. OLINDO.

Gorham.—J. H. Hawks writes, November 25th:—"I spent a very pleasant Sabbath lately with the Church at South Paris; and notwithstanding the storm which blew all day, there was a good congregation out day and evening. There is a spirit of revival in the Church, and few young persons connected themselves with the class. This Church is without a pastor. Let all interested in the salvation of souls pray for them."

VERMONT ITEMS.

Rev. J. W. Bemis, of the Vermont Conference, has accepted the Agency of the Vermont Bible Society, and entered upon the duties of that office. His post-office is at Williamstown.

The St. Johnsbury District Preachers' Association will hold its next meeting at Shelburne, December 17.

Rev. H. C. Munger is to supply the pulpit at Jericho Corners this winter.

Rev. M. D. L. Johnson of Bakersfield, is recovering from an attack of fever.

Some revival interest is reported in the Methodist Episcopal Church at East Franklin.

Eight have been received on probation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheldon, the past quarter.

E. F. Wright, late Principal of Royalton Academy, was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church, Danbury, November 11.

Regular trains commenced running on the Montpelier and Wells River Railroad, Monday, November 24. KAL.

Letter from Washington.

Dedication of the Hamline Church.—Interesting Exercises.—Payment of the Entire Debt Pledged.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1878.

The Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church has last evening dedicated to the worship of God. The dedicatory exercises commenced at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Rev. Thomas Guard, of the Mount Vernon Church of Baltimore, preaching the opening sermon. The exercises were continued in the evening, with a reunion love feast, conducted by the pastor, Rev. G. G. Baker. The meeting was very full, full of enthusiasm, and rich in testimonies as to the reality and power of the religion of Jesus Christ. Ringing Methodist hymns were sung, and the season was one of great refreshing.

Bishop Andrews, and Doctor Ives of N. Y., were present and made happy remarks of practical import—the latter dwelling on the three distinctive doctrines of a free salvation, a full salvation, and the witness of the Spirit.

At 11 o'clock Sunday forenoon, Bishop Andrews preached an eloquent and logical discourse from Matt. x. 29, 30, upon God's special providence. His principal points were, that there can be no general providence unless there is a special one—that this doctrine is compatible with the reign of law—that it is the only one that befits the grandeur of God—and that it is the necessary ground of religion. From this he made two deductions in regard to duty:—1st. Since God rules in the little affairs of life as well as the greater, we should be contented with our lot, whatever it may be, and learn to take our place and do our appointed work hopefully, cheerfully, thankfully. 2d. Trust in God's providence. Faith in this doctrine he considered essential to life in its highest sense.

At the close of the sermon, Dr. Ives said he had been requested to give a few words of exhortation after the old Methodist style. He remarked that he should speak to some disadvantage, not being permitted to select his own text, since the trustees had given him the subject of the financial condition of the Church. But as usual with him on such occasions, he proved himself master of the situation. After stating the entire cost of the church, furnished and of stands, aside from the lots connected with it, to be nearly \$30,000, and only \$16,500 as yet provided for, he set himself about removing the debt. Ten persons in the audience pledged \$1,000 each towards this object; others contributed smaller sums, until it was thought a sufficient amount had been provided, and after singing the doxology the congregation was dismissed.

In the evening Dr. Ives preached from Romans xii. 1, urging the entire consecration of the whole man, head, heart, and body, as a living sacrifice to the Lord and to His service. He recounted the goodness and mercy of God in temporal and spiritual things, and closed with an exhortation as to the reasonableness and duty of personal piety. After closing his sermon, he announced that a sufficient sum had been pledged in the afternoon to cover the debt of \$22,500, but that he needed \$1,000 more for other worthy objects connected with the church. This amount was soon raised. After thanking the people for the noble manner in which they had contributed during the day, he remarked that he had not as yet laid himself out to beg. The wonder then was, what would he do if he exerted himself in this direction!

The church was then formally dedicated by Bishop Andrews, the trustees and audience rising during the exercises. After this the congregation united with the choir in singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and the services of the occasion were closed with the benediction by Dr. Ives.

Pastor and people are surprised beyond measure at the result of the day's work, and rejoice in the present prosperous condition of affairs. Public services will be held each evening (except Saturday) during the ensuing week. It is to be hoped and earnestly believed that God's blessing will follow the efforts of His people in this place.

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—O—
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—O—
"Figures ten in the mist marched slowly out of the village; Standish, the stalwart, it was, with eight of his valorous army, Led by their Indian guide—by Hobomok, friend of the white men Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savages. Giants they seemed in the mist, or mighty men of King David; Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible."

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MAGGIE READING HER TESTAMENT.

Mamma! when our Lord was a dear little child,
Did He ever wish to play as you love me?
Do you think that He played, and prattled,
And loved to clamber upon her knee?

Did she clasp Him close and hold Him long,
And call him her own, her heavenly boy?
And softly humming, sing over the song,
That the angels sang on that night of joy?

Did He say His prayers when He went to sleep,
Asking God's care for His mother dear?
Did He ever grieve? Did He ever weep?
Did He ever wish? Did He ever fear?

Did He always think, I wonder, of God?
Was He always praying, and never say?
Was He always reading the holy Word?
Was He not ready sometimes to play?

His playmates, too, I wonder about—
What were their games when all together?
I cannot think He would run and shout,
As other boys do in the pleasant weather.

Who taught him, I wonder, his letters to know—
Those letters that look so strange and hard?
I wonder if He to school did go,
And how early He learned to read the Word.

Did He understand what the prophets meant?
Did He always feel sure that He was the Lord?
Did He always know that He had been sent
To open the strait and narrow road?

He had brothers and sisters, the Bible says—
James and John, and Simon, and Jude;
I suppose when they quarreled, one look of
His Would make them ashamed, and make them good.

How did He look? I sometimes say;
And would He have spoken had I been there?
Spoken and not sent me away?
Of His notice allowed me a little share?

At night, I suppose, when all were asleep,
The angels came and talked with Him long;
Bade Him His faith and His courage keep,
Sung Him to sleep with a heavenly song.

He lived at Nazareth on the hill;
Do you think He gazed at the sunset glow,
And sighed at the glory so bright and still,
And he toiled in the carpenter's shop below?

Thirty long years He waited apart—
Thirty to wait, and three to teach!
All of that time was He searching His heart,
So long getting ready to heal and to preach?

I shall sometime know; for now above,
Where the golden gates in splendor shine,
The Lord of Light and the Lord of Love,
He sits in a glory all divine—

All divine, and with naught of earth,
Save the glorious form which He took away;
Yet I am sure He remembers His lowly birth,
And I know that He hears when children pray.

—Selected.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Dec. 14.

LESSON XI.—Fourth Quarter.

Matthew, Chapter xxvii, 45-54.

BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The powers of darkness were so far allowed to have their own way, as to nail their victim to the wooden post, with its cross-beam (to which the Saviour's four limbs were spiked), and then reared, and brought down into the ground with a sudden and awful shock. This was not a Jewish, but a Roman mode of punishment for slaves and the worst criminals. Though used on this occasion to show extreme contempt of the blessed Jesus, it at once became the symbol of Christianity itself, and of all self-denial for Christ's sake; and it is now the badge of Christian honor throughout the Christian world. It is noticeable that it was in the midst of all the combined circumstances and efforts to cover Him with ignominy, that chief priests, scribes and elders unite to ridicule His kingship, and sneer at His Sonship, triumphing over His apparent weakness as the intensity of His sufferings increased—that the insulted majesty of the Godhead interposed not to rescue from vile hands their victim, but to show them with whom they were dealing.

Darkness over all the land, of Judea, or over all the earth (we know not which), just then, at twelve o'clock M., till three P. M., at full moon, when no eclipse could have occurred, brought a solemn pause to their flippant jeers around that blood-stained cross. The Roman archives contained a record of this remarkable and supernatural darkness, and it is appealed to by Tertullian, as recorded there. Also Ptolemy, a Roman astronomer, in A. D. 140, speaks of it. This first miraculous event attending the crucifixion was strikingly emblematical. Christ had said, He was the Light of the world. This Light Satan and wicked men would now put out, if possible. This strange darkness might indicate to them what would follow if they could only have their own way—darkness, perpetual and eternal!

Eli, Eli, etc., are words quoted by our Lord from Psalm xli. 1, uttered by Him in the Syro-Chaldaic language, then in common use. Commentators have speculated much as to the import and design of this unexplained and mysterious utterance. There can be no doubt that it expresses a deeper than physical agony; for, if not, Christ would seem to have shown less moral heroism than many martyrs. But how He, then and there, in strictest fulfillment of the Father's will, could be afflicted with a sense of the Divine abandonment, is the great mystery. No solution we have ever seen, or thought, seems to me more probable than this—that in passing death, the penalty of the law for sinners, in our stead, it was necessary that His human nature should, for a moment at least, suffer all that sense of divine displeasure and abandonment expressed in the words. It is fearful to contemplate that such suffering is doubtless involved in the just penalty of God's law. May not the divine favor have been so far withdrawn as to leave Him with no conscious support or comfort? Such are we, when suffering His love-

pleasure, though upheld all the while by His power. "Thou, most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee!" "Deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death."

Called for Elias. Tauntingly, some think, this was said; others suppose they confounded Eli with Elias. But it is not possible that these vile persecutors were haunted with some dim visions of prophecy, of relationship between their victim and "Elias, who was first for us to come?" How strangely offended Heaven exerted, at every point, some concession, or tribute, from the enemies of Christ!

Took a sponge, to absorb the vinegar, or sour wine, put it on a reed, or hyssop branch (John), to reach up to his mouth, as He hung on the cross. When He was offered this drink before, mingled with gall (verse 34), He would not receive it. That was the common drug given to victims of crucifixion, to stupefy them, to deaden their sufferings. That needed suffering He came to endure, not to escape. But the agonizing thirst incident to a death by crucifixion may not have been any part of the vicarious suffering, which seems to have been mostly, if not entirely, mental and moral, rather than physical. On this passage Dr. Jacobus says: "As the gospel benefits are represented by the water and by drink, so the bitterness of sin's curse and punishment are represented by 'thirst.' Water, WATER, was the fruitless cry of a lost soul.

Let be, let us see, show a pretty strong check was put on their high-handed proceedings at this point. An apprehensive eye, we imagine, was turned into the heavens, amid this darkness and the calling up of that venerable name of Elijah! Evidently, they thought it better to pause a little in their bloody work, and see what next might transpire. They were now assailed with dreadful sights, and dreadful sounds, which, with their blood-guiltiness, were well calculated to palsify their uplifted hands. What if the old prophet of Horeb should come back in his chariot of fire, in that blackness of the noon-day heavens, to look in upon these blacker deeds of Abraham's seed?

With loud voice He cried and yielded up the ghost, or spirit. His suppressed and significant utterances are only hinted at by the different Evangelists. The words given by John, are, "It is finished;" by Luke, it is recorded, "He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." How much or little else He said we know not, except the tender recognition of His mother. When the agony was over, the types and prophecies fulfilled, the cup drained to its dregs, the demands of the law met, and heaven's gate opened to a lost world, breathing the spirit of pardon on his murderers, all is done. Now Satan's work is supposed complete, and the end triumphant. But, hear the response from Heaven:—

The veil of the Temple was rent in twain! What could rend this interior veil, or curtain of Herod's Temple, separating the holy place from the Holy of Holies? A veil sixty feet long, rent from top to bottom! No earthquake, surely could cause this. Beyond this veil no one could enter, except the high priest, and he but once a year, to offer sacrifices for himself and the people, according to Jewish law. But now, and here, ends Judaism, and its priesthood. The rent veil admits hereafter the people, with no ministering priest, and bleeding beast, alone and directly, by permission of our universal Great High Priest, to the mercy-seat, all sprinkled with His own blood. The high priest was probably burning incense this very hour in this Holy of Holies. But henceforth we all may enter through the veil—that is to say, His flesh—torn and rent, to let the people in.

The earth did quake, or shake. The earth was cursed when man sinned, and now it sympathizes. The great redemptive scheme follows the track of sin. This evidently was as great as it was supernatural. The rocks rent. Tacitus and Suetonius speak of an earthquake in the reign of Tiberius that destroyed twelve Asiatic cities.

The graves were opened, in token that this death of Christ in some way would prove a victory over death itself. To show that He had power over death, nothing could have been more decided and effectual than for Him voluntarily to come under its power; and then burst its chains, and escape its grasp, which He so evidently did, that infidelity has since found no resting ground for a shadow of argument, even, to disprove it. What did become of the dead body of Christ, if it did not rise, and was not seen by the Twelve, and above five hundred brethren at once?

Came out of the graves, after His resurrection—not at His crucifixion, as many suppose. He was the first fruits Himself of His own purchase and victory; and on His resurrection ours is predicated—all a miracle, with nothing philosophical or natural about it. The incorrect punctuation of the text easily leads to the mistake of supposing those dead bodies rose before His.

Seed Thoughts.

(Supplementary.)

Berean Lesson Series, Dec. 14.

1. What was the process of crucifixion?
2. How extensive, and how long was the darkness at the crucifixion?
3. What profane histories allude to this darkness?
4. How far, and for what probable

reasons was Christ forsaken of the Father?

5. If so, what may we infer of the future and final punishment of sinners?

6. Why was Christ offered vinegar mingled with gall (verse thirty-four)?

7. Why, probably, did He refuse it?

8. What was the first miraculous interposition in the murderous proceeding?

9. What were the last utterances of the Saviour?

10. What was the veil of the Temple?

11. What was indicated by its rending?

12. Is there now any priesthood, or sacrifice?

13. By what means now do we come to the mercy-seat?

14. What can be said of the earthquake?

15. Why were the graves opened now?

16. When did the dead bodies arise? Why?

THE TRANSFIGURATION AND REV. M. SHERMAN.

In my brief notes on the transfiguration, Brother Sherman finds three objections, or points on which he raises inquiries. Though he would not desire me to go into arguments to defend all, or anything, occurring in those notes, involving many points on which there is so much diversity of opinion, yet, as he writes in no captious spirit, I will explain my own view a little more fully.

1. He doubts Moses' appearance in the body, as Christ was the first fruits of those who shall be. If Moses was not there in bodily form, how was it that "there appeared unto them Moses and Elias?" If not in bodily form, how was he talking with Jesus? If not in the body, why did Peter desire a "tabernacle for Moses?" It required no greater or more miraculous power for Jesus to raise the body of Moses, than there, than it did to raise the body of Lazarus. Whether, or not, either of these bodies went back into their graves, or to heaven, is a matter not involved in the lesson, and about which all can have their own opinions. The general resurrection of mankind may be the result, or fruit of Christ's resurrection; and still Omnipotence could, and did raise the dead before that.

2. Brother Sherman doubts whether the immortality of the soul and its separate existence are taught in the transfiguration. Infidelity and materialism deny that man has any soul separate from his bodily organism. Now, then, if, fifteen hundred years after Moses' death he reappears, soul and body, it is quite conclusive evidence in favor of the separate existence of that soul and body during that time, as mind, or spirit, cannot be buried in the grave. Then also, if the separate existence of the soul is shown, as we think it is, in this case, there is much argument in that fact, that its existence will be PERPETUAL, or eternal, unless reason or revelation show to the contrary. Both reason and revelation confirm this fact.

3. He asks if God "cannot destroy both soul and body in hell." Of course, He can. But "destruction" does not mean—as he uses it—annihilation. We do not use that term in that sense. Destruction changes the form of existence, but not existence itself. Fire destroys a house, and death destroys the body; but not one particle of matter is annihilated; nor is any law of heaven or earth known, by which matter can be annihilated; nor that there is one particle less or more of matter now than at the creation.

God has physical power to do anything; but the perfection of His nature renders Him powerless to do an untruthful or inconsistent thing. We hold that it is morally impossible for God to annihilate a human soul. The soul, He created, to promote His own glory, and created it with all its own liabilities; otherwise He would not have created it. If, now, He annihilates it, when it is as, and what, He knew it would be before He created it. He is a mutable, or changeable Being! Then the absurd result is forced upon us, that nothingness would have better glorified God than man; and a mistake, first, or last with Him, would appear inevitable. L. D. BARROWS, Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 20, 1873.

The Family.

THE RAT HUNT.

"Come, Towzer!" cries Rob; "here's a rat in the trap! Come, bushy-tailed Bouncer! come, short-legged Snap!" The cunning young rogue! we have caught him at last. Hurrah, my brave hunters!—but don't be too fast; Down, Towzer! off, Bouncer! you can't have him yet. Be civil, old fellow! be patient, my pet! Out here in the yard, where there's plenty of space, and nothing to hinder, we'll give him a chase.

"Now, Towzer! now Bouncer! look out for the fun! There! steady! be ready! I'm letting him run; Be sharp now—eyes open—sta boy! There he goes!" Quick, Bouncer! he's scudding right under your nose!

"Along by the carriage-way—up by the spot— Now take him, now shake him, before he gets out! I'm ashamed of your hunting; you're clumsy as hens!" There he is again! after him—up the hall stairs!

"You shouldn't be scrubbing right here in the way. O Bridget! I told you so! You've got your paw With your old tub of water!" And down through the hall Tumbled tub, Bridget, Bouncer, spilled water, and all.

"Now, Towzer, you have him! No—yes!" from the stair

He leaps through the rods of the banister, where Old Towzer gets caught, at the instant his feet are ready to snap his poor victim beneath.

A rally, a dash, and across the hall floor They pursue to the store-room, rush in through the door, And follow, with furious yelping and leap-

Close under the cleat along which he is creeping. Beyond stands a cask; he springs off upon that;

The dogs are there almost as soon as the rat, Capsize the cover with clatter and din;— Away goes the rat, while a dog tumbles in.

Who cares all the while for the rat and his troubles? For life, it is for life that he dodges and doubles;

For even a rat finds it pleasant to live; And 'tis death to be caught; and oh, what would he give—

What mountains of cheese and what treasures of corn, To be back in the dark cellar where he was born!

In vain by the churn and the firkin—in vain Behind the barrel he lurks, a brief respite to gain. They are dragged from the wall, and, with clamor and scabble, Behind and before comes the mad rushing rabble.

Upsetting the churn, overturning the firkin, Not leaving him even a corner to lurk in. Out into the passage, away they go dashing, Through entry and pantry, with dashing and crashing.

Snap, always too late by a second, appears, Excitedly barking and pricking his ears; While along with them speeds the young rat-catcher, clearing The way for them, stamping and shouting and cheering.

I wonder how one little frightened rat feels With a boy and three little yelping curs at his heels! "Seek! seek! now!" The poor, panting fugitive has a Last chance for himself on the old back piazza.

Now Towzer is on him—he jumps from his jaws; Now Bouncer and Snap—he darts under their paws; Now all three together!—in one second Three moist muzzles meet at a hole in the floor.

Just in season to tickle their tongues with the slight Taper-end of a tail as it frisks out of sight! They valiantly bark at the hole, and then, falling Exhausted beside it, He gasping and lolling, Rob vows he will swap his three dogs for one cat!

But it was not so bad, after all, for the rat! —J. T. TROSBIDGE, in Our Young Folks.

TOM O' JACK'S LAD.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESEY.

CHAPTER III.

We have seen the hero of our story rescued from a life of brutal violence and degrading ignorance, in which low passion and coarse and vulgar habits exercised a complete mastery over him, and numbered among the sons of God, to whom some of the noblest of His servants gladly ministered for his salvation. Happy in the possession of the "white stone" in which was "the new name written," he had entered upon a new and upward path, and was henceforth to be recognized as one of a divine nobility, whose patent bears the seal of the King of kings, and Lord of lords; and in whom was to be developed such traits of character as would do honor to the religion which had already proved so great a boon to him.

Let us now trace some of the steps of his social progress, until, having bravely earned, and nobly maintained a commanding position in the aristocracy of goodness and beneficence, he calmly departed from the scene of his earthly toils and triumphs, to receive the unfading crown which should reward his fidelity in the service of his Master. We shall see that the religion which had changed his personal character, and surrounded him with better moral associations, was equally potent in directing and shaping his secular life, imparting to him nobler aims, and opening to him, and fitting him for, new and nobler fields of exertion.

One evening, about two years after their marriage, the firstborn was sleeping in its cradle, and the mother busy with her needle, while Mr. Harrison (we drop the nickname, and speak henceforth of Mr. Harrison) was conversing with the circuit preacher, Rev. Mr. Greatheart. A brief silence was broken by the minister, who inquired, "Mrs. Harrison, could you conduct a shop?"

"I have often thought that I would like to have a shop. There is a good opening here for a general business, but we cannot avail ourselves of it, for we have no money."

"Allow me to help you. I will provide everything you require, on two conditions: you must learn from a person whom I will engage to teach you, how to manage the business; and at the end of twelve months you shall decide whether you will abandon or continue it. I have a friend who is a merchant, to whom I named you last night, and he will bear the risk. You will only have to sell, to pay wholesale prices, and to live on your gains."

"I will most gladly comply with your conditions, sir, and I will do my best to succeed."

"She will make a first-rate hand, I do believe," said the pleased husband. On his return to Manchester, the kind minister completed the arrangements with the merchant, and a stock of goods and shop-fittings were soon on their way to Mr. Harrison's house. An assistant, well qualified for the task, was also employed, to initiate the new shop-keeper into the mysteries of her new calling. The business opened under favorable auspices. The quality of the goods, and the reasonableness of the prices, surprised and pleased the buyers, and won their regular patronage. Mrs. Harrison soon conquered the difficulties of the situation; and as the services of the teacher were no longer needed, he returned home, leaving her to conduct the business without foreign or expensive help. Cash payment was one of the rules she adopted, and rigidly maintained. She was careful in her purchases, buying only such goods as the market demanded, suffering no push-

ing, coaxing, commercial traveler to wheedle her into the purchase of goods which would be likely to lie upon her shelves without a purchaser. She carefully tested the weight of every package received, bought the best goods, and sold at Manchester prices, and sagaciously contrived to pay all accounts so as to obtain the usual discount on prompt payments.

When the year closed, the business had defrayed all expenses, and left £100 in pocket. At the beginning of the year, the good wife had proposed to her husband that they should live just as they had previously done; and that his wages should pay the expenses of the household, without any draft on the profits of their shop. This had been faithfully done; and when, with the good minister's help, they had completed the taking of stock, and ascertained the precise amount of the years' success, they all shouted for joy; and baby number two awoke in the cradle. The glad mother soothed her startled child, the servant announced supper, and they sat down to "eat their meat with gladness," and to converse.

"That one hundred pounds belongs to you, Mr. Greatheart," said Mrs. Harrison. "You take that, and as you have kindly offered us the business, we will keep it, and thank you all our days."

"I shall never forget your kindness," said the wife.

"You must not talk so; you will spoil my supper. I never thought of taking a profit from the business. I will not touch a penny. I simply called a friend's attention to the opening for a business, and he sent the goods. You have pleased him by your success and prompt payments; and the gains are your own. The business is entirely yours. Your excellent management, Mrs. Harrison, has amazed me, though I expected much from you."

"I owe my success, Mr. Greatheart, to your kind foresight in providing an efficient instructor, and supplies from an honorable merchant, and to my dear husband for helping me with hands and head; but more than all, to the blessing of God upon our endeavors. Even my dear old master said yesterday, when he called for his snuff, 'Jane, this looks like providence; thank God for it.' But, sir, I shall be unhappy, and so will my husband, if you do not share with us our gains."

"I insist on it," said the husband.

"I will not receive a penny. I have a duty to perform, as a minister, and I can accept no fees. I have not only my duty to do as a preacher, but also to promote, so far as I can, the temporal prosperity of my flock, for our General Societies' benefit. It is your duty to gain riches so far as you can honestly. It is as much your duty to gain money, as to get religion—the latter will be first. Money is one of the great powers in the world; and when it is allied with religion it gives prosperity to its owner, and happiness to all in connection with him."

"And are you not to struggle after riches?" said Mrs. Harrison.

"No. When I accepted the office of a minister I renounced trade. The United Societies of Methodism guarantee me a provision for life, and I am contented. It would degrade me to accept your kind offer. Besides, I have a reason for wishing you to prosper in life, beyond that of wishing success to you and your family. The prosperity of a Methodist is a good thing for Methodism."

"Say no more, Jane, on the subject now; I have got an idea," said Mr. Harrison. "Good ones are every scarce; but this has come to me without study. It's" (whispering to his wife).

"That's wrong," exclaimed the parson, laughing—"whispering in company! Shame! shame!"

"It's a capital idea," said the wife. "We have formed a conspiracy—my husband, myself, my little girl, here, and my big boy upstairs."

"Now, naughty conspirators, let us leave the table and renew our conversation." The servant removed the tray, and soon the preacher remarked: "You have gained one hundred pounds, and you have it in hand; now, it must not be idle. You have first to decide how it can be invested to the best advantage. If you buy with ready money, you will buy even cheaper than you now do, taking the usual credit."

"If we buy with ready money," said Mrs. Harrison, "my discounts will keep the family."

"Just so; and if your husband was to take journeys, extending your transactions to distant places, with the same amount of care as now, you can do a much greater trade. Keeping your money moving, paying promptly, and selling cheaply for cash, will create an active trade, with large returns, small profits, and great results."

"We must have a horse and cart," said Mr. Harrison.

"There are many things that we do not keep, that I am asked for," said the wife.

"Then that point is settled," said the visitor; "the business is to advance! Now, the next subject is giving and saving."

"O, I am a good giver; I thoroughly understand that!" said Mr. Harrison.

"Pardon me; you are not a good giver; you give without system. A good giver says, 'I will give a certain portion of my income to religion,' and he keeps by his principle. Now, what portion of your gains do you think you ought to give away?"

"Half of it," promptly answered Mr. Harrison.

"He empties his pockets, sometimes," said the prudent wife, "and

then gives up some indulgence to save a shilling, though he knows it does him good."

"That's a bad system, and Mr. Harrison is a bad giver. Give a tenth part of your income to the Lord, and no more is required of you at present. Extraordinary calls on your charity may come in time of famine and pestilence; then, increase your offering through self-denial—not by reducing your estate."

"But, we may get proud of our riches."

"Not if you accumulate wealth honestly, and, as the servants of God, for honest and good purposes. We ministers want our members to be the best business people in the world; we want yet all to save money, so as to improve the position of their children, and of our future societies. Why should we not some day have a Methodist class-leader the Prime Minister of England? We cannot get great people to come down to our humble Methodism, so our descendants must go to them, taking our principles with them. It may require centuries to conquer the position, but if the coming generations of Wesleyans are faithful to themselves and to God, they may conquer whatever they resolve to conquer."

[To be continued.]

MISS MUFFETT'S RIDE.

BY ELEANOR LEIGH.

[Concluded.]

"There is only one more—a bundle of dresses and sashes for Mary Warren's baby. They are in very destitute circumstances, but Mary always keeps the child sweet and clean, and as you are so fond of babies, and this one is really a fine little one, I think you will pass a delightful, and certainly more profitable forenoon even, than you would with your companions. Just one thing more, darling," she said, as the little girl tucked the colored Afghan around her feet, gathered up her reins, and leaned over the side of the dainty basket carriage for a good-bye kiss; "be sure, in every house you enter to-day, to speak some kind word of love and sympathy. Do this, and distribute your little charities, and you will leave many happy, loving hearts and firm friends behind you when you come away."

Jeanette trotted gently down the drive-way, and shook her shaggy mane as if she were proud to bear her little mistress on such an errand of mercy, while Miss Muffett drew the little paper of names from her glove, whither she had tucked it for safe keeping, and looked to see who came first on the list.

"Lizzie Browne, fourteen years old! (Why, only a year older than I! said Lottie); 'sick with consumption,' two tumblers of jelly, and the little pair of chicken broths; lives in the third story of the tenement house on the corner of F and G Streets." She found the tenement house all right; climbed three flights of dirty, rickety stairs; then inquired of a stout Irish woman, whom she met on the landing, if she could direct her to Mrs. Browne's rooms.

"Yes, I can; the one nearest you. But I'm pretty sure that Miss Browne is out for the day, cleaning house for a lady that came for her the night before. But her daughter there, she takes all the orders the ladies leave."

Lottie had no orders to leave, but she went in, nevertheless. She found a small-sized, low-studded, bad-smelling room, poorly furnished with an old stove, two or three wooden chairs, a table, and a bedstead in one corner. Propped up in a wheezy rocking-chair by the dingy window, sat a very pale, thin young girl. She smiled pleasantly at Lottie, for she had recognized the little turnout in the street below, as belonging to her kind friend, Mrs. Linscott, and rightly presumed this to be her daughter. Lottie introduced herself and her goodies, and was thanked again and again, so warmly that she wished she could give her some of the good things tucked away in Mrs. Allen's basket down in the phetion; for she felt afraid, when she saw Lizzie eyeing the broths so longingly, that she had not had breakfast that morning. And as she sat, busily talking in her merry way, trying to say all the cheerful and most sympathizing things she could, she was privately planning many little contrivances for the sick girl's comfort, such as a patch-cushion and back for the rocking chair; and out of the private fund of scrip in the little box in her upper draw at home, she had already appropriated enough to purchase a warm wrapper and pair of soft felt slippers.

The two other sick girls were sisters, and the woman who answered Lottie's gentle rap at the door, said that "as the disease was fever, of a contagious nature, she feared to have Miss Linscott go inside." So, leaving the remaining tumblers of jelly, with her mother's kindest love, she turned the Shetland poney's head in the direction of old Mrs. Allen's cottage.

She found the old lady nearly bent double with rheumatism, and not yet out of her bed. She had waited till little Ben Briggs, a neighbor's boy, came from school at noon to make her fire. "It's only a week since I've been so helpless in my limbs, dearie," she said, wiping her poor old eyes, which had filled with tears of joy at sight of the nice food Lottie had brought; and when the precious paper of snuff was put into her hand, she broke down entirely. She didn't "see how the Lord could remember such a poor old, ungrateful, repining woman as she was," etc., etc.

Lottie glanced at the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner. She had yet an hour left before noon. "I guess shall have time to make your fire, Grandma Allen," she said, pulling off her guilets and light drab sash, and rattling away at the rusty old stove. The old woman lay back, speechless with astonishment to see such a finely dressed young lady offering to do such hard, dirty work, which she had probably never before attempted in her life, now flying round so busily and good naturedly—and all for her!

Soon there was a good fire crackling under the tea-kettle, and then Lottie hunted up the nearly worn out broom, made the small room perfectly neat, laid the table, made the tea, toasted the bread, and while the thankful old lady enjoyed her good warm breakfast, she shook up the feather bed and pillows, as carefully as possible, and made up the softest bed Mrs. Allen had rested her old bones on for a long while. Then she offered to clear up the table; but the old lady said she felt so much strengthened by the warm breakfast, that she could get along nicely. So, after bringing in another basket of chips and wood from the shed, to last till the neighbor's boy should come to see to her, she bade her a sunny good-bye, followed by many fervent blessings. The little invalid boy was not forgotten, and I expect that he thought the time of good fairies was not yet entirely past when the secret desire of his sad little heart was gratified, in Mrs. Linscott's thoughtful and precious gift. Tears came into the brilliant dark eyes and rolled down the stained cheek; and tender-hearted Miss Muffett kissed them away as she would her pet Frankie's, and promised more another time.

She found Mary Warren a cheerful-looking, pleasant voiced young woman, who received the tiny garments with delighted eyes. And as for the pretty, rosy cheeked baby, Lottie nearly danced and squeezed the breath out of his plump little body; but he smiled so sweet

The Farm and Garden.

SELECTED FOR ZION'S HERALD.

WINTER FEEDING, BARN AND

SHEDS.—Living in the latitude of 43

deg. north, we believe in barns and

sheds, for all kinds of farm stock alike;

and so we would if in the latitude of 37

deg.—anywhere, in fact, where snow

lies on the ground for three days at a

time, and the Fahrenheit thermometer

holds, for any length of time, as low as

20 deg. above zero. Sudden altera-

tions of heat and cold affect cattle as

they do men—not to the same extent

as they do the latter, but measurably

so. Cattle eat much more in a low

temperature than a high one, and are

subject to take cold with sudden changes

of the weather. Fat cattle are less af-

fected by sudden changes of the weather

than lean ones, but those changes do

affect them more than we are usually

aware. In view of these facts, we con-

sider it sound economy for every cattle-

breeder, grazer, and stall-feeder, to

provide good barns, stables, and sheds

for the winter keeping and feeding of

his stock. The arrangement of these

is a branch rather foreign to our general

subject, and may better belong to farm

architecture than this; embracing also

the management of manures, and vari-

ous other matters belonging to the de-

partment of farm husbandry; yet we

safely give a few hints concerning them.

We believe that in any part of the

country where prepared winter forage

is required for farm stock, it will pay

the farmer for building barns, stables,

and sheds for his store cattle during the

winter. For dairy cows, tight barns

and stables are indispensable every-

where, and we are happy to say that

the latter are almost everywhere found

in well managed dairies. We believe

it sound economy to provide such stor-

ers. In the barns, aside from storing

the fodder and grain, the stables may

be cheaply arranged, with sufficient

mangers for feeding. Two cattle may

stand in a stall, six to seven feet wide,

according to their size, and each ani-

mal tied to his own side of it, with

space for the feeder to go between; or

stanchels, without partitions, may be

used, if preferred. The food may be

thrown into the manger in front, and

the corn stalks, as drawn in from the

field, cut off just above the ear. (The

stalk, below the ear, is worthless for

fodder.) This cutting may be rapidly

done with a knife something like a

butcher's cleaver, though lighter, by

laying the stalks on a block, or better,

in a cutting machine. The best may

be bedded with straw, and quantities

of the best manure made. Thus the

cattle are kept snug and warm, while

in good weather they can range

through the yard a part of the day,

and take their water at pleasure.

Sheds may be built eight, ten, or

twelve feet high, with good manure

in the rear for their hay or corn

fodder, and open in front, to go out and

in at pleasure. So with calves, only

their accommodations should be closer

and warmer. We are aware that long

practices, cheap lands, and low prices

for grain, have led the mass of our

western farmers to think all this propa-

ration useless; but they will come to

it at last, and wonder they had not

known it before. Thrift in their stock,

and saving in the expenditure of their

forage, will soon solve the question of

their superior economy, as also in the

lightened labor of taking care of them,

and the retention of stores of manure,

which is everywhere valuable, though

not now appreciated. If, to the hous-

ing of their cattle, sufficient roofing to

protect their stores of hay and grain is

added, an equal advantage will be

found in it.—Allen's American Cattle.

SAVE SEED CORN IN THE FALL.—

Select when the husking is being done.

Select always from stalks having two

ears, and the best one of the two. Be

sure to select enough for the next

year's planting. Begin the operation

this fall, and keep up the practice year

after year. Whoever tries it will be

surprised in time at the improvement

in the quality and the quantity of his

corn crop. Apply the Darwinian theory

to your seed corn, human selection of

the same, by which means certainly

the best and the fittest corn "will sur-

vive."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—From the

time the colt is born, he should be

taught to regard man, whom he is

afterward to serve, as his protector and

friend. A human hand should first

lift him gently by his feet, and direct

his little mouth to the source of mater-

nal nourishment. With the human

touch he should thus early be made to

associate caresses and a supply for all

his wants. Instead of yells and out-

cries and kicks and rude blows, he should

hear only gentle, loving tones from the

attendant's mouth, and pettings from

his kindly palm. He should be taught

to expect and watch for man's entrance

to the stall or paddock where he is

kept, as a dog waits for the coming of

the master, as the season of joy and

happiness. His little deer-like limbs

should be handled, and he be taught

OUR LANGUAGE.

The Boston Journal, commenting

upon the action of the philologists in

pencil, and especially the proposal of

one of them to reduce the parts of

speech to five, limit the tenses of verbs

to two, and compel nouns to put up

with a single person, and that the third,

says: "It seems to us that the primary

practical object with our philologists

should be that proposed by the famous

Lindley Murray, namely, 'to speak and

write the English language with pro-

priety and elegance.' It is very likely

that the tongue itself might be reformed

in some respects, if any body had an-

thority to do it. Better let it stay as it

is, and make the best of it. The truth

is, the English language is made for in-

tellectual men, and so it is full of in-

consistencies and inaccuracies, which only

people of sense are not troubled by.

If a man knows what a 'pig iron' is, he

can understand the term, and is not be-

fore, 'to shell peas' is to take the shell

off; 'to black shoes' is to put the black-

ing on; while 'to button shoes' is to

fit the buttons into their places. In all

these cases, and thousands of others, it

is only a knowledge of the thing it-

self that makes the phrase intelligible.

General intelligence, then, is what we

want, including words as well as that

for which they stand. It has always

seemed to us as not a little curious that

great teachers of elocution are never

good speakers themselves, and that it

is very rare to find a writer on gram-

mar and style who has a good style of

his own. Perhaps both classes take their

subject up that which is essentially sub-

siduary—that is, speech; and overlook-

ing the substantial, that is, the mastery

of the subject, and its impression upon

the minds of others. It is to the honor

of the English language that it can

only be used well by men who have

something worth saying."

The Secular World.

Louisa Muhlbach is to have a monu-

ment in Berlin.

Indiana claims the largest school fund

(\$8,000,000) of any State in the Union.

The ceremony of unveiling the statue

of Israel Putnam at Hartford, which

had been arranged to take place this

Fall, is postponed till next Spring.

A Mr. King of Indianapolis, Ind.,

has organized the benevolent societies

to draw on him for \$100 per week for

charitable purposes during the winter.

The Emperor William is again said

to be falling rapidly. He eats very

irregularly, and has a mania for get-

ting up suddenly at all hours of the night.

The Marquis of Bute is reported to

have filled his country chateau with

under his control with ritualistic clergy-

men.

Louis Wagner has written affecting-

ly to his mother, in Prussia, informing

her of his sentence to death for the crime

of murder, and earnestly protesting his

innocence.

The amount of sand paper made in

the United States is very large,

amounting to about 200,000 reams an-

nually, requiring a capital of at least

\$500,000.

The Anglo Saxons, in this afternoon

of the 19th century, own one-sixth of

the earth, are themselves one-fifth of

the world's population, and control

one half its shipping.

The Second Adventists of Terry Lane,

Conn., have disbanded and gone home,

instead of going up, as they expected,

but still cling to the belief that the end

of the world will come before the end

of the year.

Probably the oldest timber in the

world which has been used by man, is

found in the ancient temple of Egypt.

It is found in connection with stone

work which is known to be at least four

thousand years old.

Rev. Newman Hall told the Chica-

goans the other night, that his Church

was Presbyterian, Congregational,

Baptist, Quaker, Episcopalian, etc., for

it used many of the forms of all these

churches. It is his seventeenth Sun-

day-school, with 6,000 children, 450

teachers, and holds about fifty services

a week.

Dr. Edward Warren writes from

Cairo, Egypt, that there is "a splendid

opportunity for women dentists in

Egypt, as the women are forbidden to

consult with men." Three or four En-

glish women are practicing dentistry

in Cairo, according to him, and all do-

ing well.

The Danish government has a cypher

system or secret language, invented

by a schoolmaster in Jutland. The

system of Willard, used in Denmark,

was considered so perfect that only a

knowledge of the key made a dispatch

intelligible after this method. But the

inventor of the new cypher read a Wil-

lard dispatch with the greatest ease.

And he is employed in inventing a

more simple system of telegraphy for

the great northern telegraph companies.

Some three years ago an insane

man, named Nathaniel B. McCurdy,

of Washington, Md., escaped from the

Hospital for the Insane by letting him-

self down a lightning rod. He was

heard from in a letter to his mother, a

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